The Improvement ERA

JUNE, 1931
Vol. 34 No. 8
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Answering Tobacco's Challenge
By
PRES. HEBER J. GRANT

Seeing Hawaii from the Sky
By
GEORGE D. PYPER

Fossil Fabric
By
MRS. VILATE RAILE

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By
MRS. GENET BINGHAM DEE

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WHO was Asenath, wife of the Joseph who was sold into Egypt? This question has been somewhat disturbing to many, for they wonder how one from a race into which the chosen people were forbidden to marry could become the mother of Ephraim and Manasseh. This question was recently put to President Anthony W. Ivins. With his customary thoroughness he goes into the subject and is kind enough to permit the answer to be published in the *Era*.

STRANGE ANCHOR" is the title of a very unusual story, from the pen of Stella P. Rich, one of our well known writers. It will appear next month. A boy could not face an apple tree covered with pure blossoms because of the thoughts which were in his heart, but—well, wait and read the story.

HARRISON R. MERRILL, who needs no introduction to *Era* readers, is favoring us with another story, "The Spirit of the Mountains."

RECENTLY a woman in Kentucky had a remarkable experience which aroused within her a strong desire to hear something of "Mormonism." She had never met a member of this Church, but was so impressed with what had occurred that she wrote to the Chamber of Commerce in Salt Lake City with the request that her letter be given to the proper parties. The communication was turned over to the Bureau of Information. A correspondence followed, and now this woman and some of her family are members of the Church. The *Era* is fortunate in being able to give to its readers a copy of the original letter and some additional matter relating to this experience.

A CHARMING story, "The Little House Across the Way," by Florence Hartman Townsend is already in the hands of our illustrators and will appear in the next number. It will be read with much interest.

The Improvement ERA

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

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EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon
Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

A Stable Mormonism

IN every age it has seemed to be the fate of the Church of Christ to suffer persecution. At times this has been intense, and these periods usually have been followed by what might be termed a breathing spell. The bitter hatred which prevailed in many quarters until recent years, and which mention of the word "Mormon" almost invariably aroused, has in great measure disappeared. Much prejudice has been removed, and, speaking generally, the most discouraging thing the Church has to encounter today is the spirit of indifference toward all things religious. In contemplating this altered sentiment, it must be borne in mind that the mental processes of the world have undergone a transformation in the last decade or two. The spirit of tolerance and liberality is abroad —in the Church and outside of it.

Such a change naturally brings joy to the hearts of all broad-minded people, and especially so to Latter-day Saints. This is a Gospel of peace and salvation, and man's friendship and esteem must of necessity precede his conversion. In addition thereto, it is much pleasanter to live in harmony with our fellowmen than to have our feelings harrowed up by contention.

Where liberality ends

However, somewhere along the line there is a point where proper liberality ends and apostasy begins. Who can tell when that point is reached? In his memorable Sermon on the Mount, Christ says: "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets." Too high a price is paid for the friendship of the world if it is purchased at the cost of principle. Every true Latter-day Saint desires to be broad-minded and liberal. Naturally a religion destined to save the world permits him to be as generous as was the Christ.

But it was the Savior himself who announced that "narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life;" and with the same breath he declared that "broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction." It is well to bear these declarations in mind.

There are certain fundamental things about "Mormonism" to discard which is to apostatize from the truth. The Father and the Son revealed themselves in vision to the boy Joseph Smith in answer to his fervent prayer. The Angel Moroni visited the youth and, after he was sufficiently prepared, delivered to him the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated. Angelic messengers restored the Priesthood which is the delegated authority of Almighty God and without which religious ordinances are as futile as the babbling of a little babe. Ordinances and ceremonies inseparable from salvation were revealed anew, and the "narrow way" was clearly pointed out. Of course there can be no change, without serious loss, in anything which is fundamental.

A Sure Guide

We are living in a swiftly-moving world. The conditions which the Church has to meet today are vastly different from those existing in 1830. The Almighty, foreseeing in his divine wisdom the need of changes, provided a way by which necessary modifications can be made with safety. He placed in his Church, as an essential part thereof, prophets, seers, and revelators to whom he makes known his mind and will and who have the authority to meet any emergency.

Speaking through the Prophet Joseph in 1831, he has this to say:

> "And the day cometh that they who will not hear the voice of the Lord, neither the voice of his servants, neither give heed to the words of the prophets and apostles, shall be cut off from among the people;
>
> "For they have strayed from mine ordinances, and have broken mine everlasting covenant."

But as an additional safeguard, every worthy Latter-day Saint may know truth from error; they recognize the voice of the true shepherd, and cannot be led far astray.

The history of the Church illustrates that the Lord does things in his own way. In man's judgment there would have been no comparison between the qualifications of Joseph Smith as a restorer and some highly educated prelate who already had a large following with which to begin this work. Indeed, hardly a step has been taken by the Church since that epochal event of April 6, 1830, the advisability of which would have been confirmed by human judgment.

The old "Mormonism" as instituted by divine power, will stand with such modifications as the Lord, through his inspired servants, sees fit to introduce.—*H. J. C.*

Brigham Young

ON June 1, 1801, one of the greatest leaders of men of any dispensation, Brigham Young, was born. Together with that of Joseph Smith, his name has become known for good or evil in all the civilized world. Volumes have been written about him. Though maligned and ridiculed during his lifetime, most of that which has appeared in recent years pays high tribute to his superior gifts. One of these, we might say in passing, is an intensely interesting work by his daughter Susa Young Gates, the manuscript of which attracted the attention of conservative publishers in London and also in the United States and was deemed sufficiently meritorious

that they published it at their own expense. His admirers, therefore, are not all within the Church.

With all the intensity of his soul, Brigham Young believed in the divine calling of Joseph Smith. If the Prophet's claims had no corroborative evidence other than the testimony of this clear-thinking, practical man, it would still be entitled to credence, for the pioneer leader was not one who could easily be misled.

In the estimation of the late George Q. Cannon, who had excellent opportunities for judging, one of the greatest things about the subject of this sketch was his unwavering loyalty to the Prophet. Never once did he permit a comparison to be made of his administration with that of his predecessor which was unfavorable to the latter.

Another striking characteristic was his habit of giving the Church all the credit for his development. He was wont to say that if it had not been for the Gospel he would have remained an unknown artizan in a humble Vermont village. All may not agree with him in that conclusion, but his sincere belief in the matter cannot fail to win admiration.—*H. J. C.*

Rey L. Pratt & Antoine R. Ivins

UNDER the title of "A Deserved Compliment" the April *Era* had a beautiful little story taken from the diary of President Rey L. Pratt. He was not well at the time the editors persuaded him to allow its publication, but no one would have thought that the time of his passing was so near.

An account of his life and labors, from the pen of Elder Melvin J. Ballard, with more details than can be given on this page will be found in this issue. However, it is fitting that editorial mention be made of a life so abundantly successful as was his in the things which have an enduring value.

A grandson of Parley P. Pratt, that able and fearless expounder of the restored Gospel, a son of Helaman Pratt, a Mexican pioneer and missionary who was as devoted to righteousness as was Helaman of old, Rey was a Latter-day Saint by inheritance and not less so by sincere conviction and was blessed with the gift of explaining his belief clearly and convincingly.

He enjoyed the love and confidence of his associates in the First Council of Seventy and was revered by the members of the Mexican mission over which he has so ably presided, and these feelings of love were shared by all who knew him.

Antoine R. Ivins, another of the third generation of devoted Latter-day Saints, has been selected to succeed President Pratt, both in the First Council of Seventy and as president of the Mexican mission. No happier choice could have been made. These men grew up together in Mexico; their fathers and grandfathers were closely associated; and the new President Ivins, like his predecessor has in his veins believing blood. His faith is as stable as that of any martyr who ever died for a cause.

He is a grandson of that faithful pioneer and apostle, Erastus Snow, who, in company with Orson Pratt, a granduncle of the late Rey L. Pratt, came into the Salt Lake valley as the vanguard of the "Mormon" pioneers.

Antoine's father is President Anthony W. Ivins, of the First Presidency, who is admired for his wisdom, judgment, and remarkable breadth of knowledge and loved for his integrity and devotion, from one end of the Church to the other.—*H. J. C.*

Commencement

THE Valedictory address had been delivered and the hall rang with applause, for the boy had voiced splendid thoughts in tones vibrant and convincing, and his fellow-students and townspeople glowed in response. Sitting down, he smiled to himself at the inappropriateness of the name applied to the exercises of the evening. Commencement! That meant the beginning, and he was well on past the middle, if not in sight of the end! School was over, lessons were done. Mathematics and chemistry were mastered and all that was left now was the simple application of the principles he had finished learning. Surely someone had blundered in calling this time Commencement! If any part of school were that, it must be the first day of the first year.

Time went on and of the business routine of a a great organization the boy was made a part; and manhood crept upon him. So little did the once-important aspects of school life matter now that he packed them carefully away in a corner of his mind where he had stored the memories of his childhood. In the distant future he could see the goal of achievement looming bright, and he smiled to think that only when that should be reached would he find commencement. From there on he could travel far and fast.

Into his life came love and marriage and home; and one gray dawn, holding in his arm his first-born child, he realized that commencement is not a matter of one generation. It comes only with a new life which is a part of two other lives, and the launching of that new life into the channels of experience.

The speeding of the years brought sorrow and joy, failure and success, and commencement seemed distant again. The beginnings of many things were still in his mind and a part of his ambition, but so great and numerous were the calls of every-day living that large and important issues were crowded into the future. When the big new home should be built, then they would commence really to live! When the children were grown and married there would be time and opportunity to realize the hopes so long deferred, to find the ends toward which they had bent their efforts through the years.

Then finally there came a day when he, the boy who had delivered the Valedictory address, had grown weary in spirit and weak in body. Lying in bed he recalled, hazily, the events of his life, and as one after another passed by in succession he smiled tenderly. The room began to dim, and greater weakness overcame him. Blinded to the light of earth by the glorious glow from the light of a world beyond, he knew that now, and never before, he faced Commencement.—*E. T. B.*

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ANSWERING TOBACCO'S CHALLENGE

Extracts from a Sermon delivered February 15, 1931 in Salt Lake Tabernacle

by

PRES. HEBER J. GRANT

I KNOW of nothing today that needs as much attention by the Latter-day Saints and the people of the world as making a fight against the use of tobacco. I know of nothing that is doing more than the cigarette to destroy the intellect and the physical frames of boys and girls. Although you have heard from me time and time again during the forty-eight years I have been one of the general authorities, in regard to the necessity of keeping the Word of Wisdom, I have decided to repeat some of the things I have undoubtedly said here.

I distributed some years ago thousands of copies of a pamphlet entitled "The Little White Slaver." At the time Henry Ford published this pamphlet he very kindly made me a price of four cents per copy, which I felt sure was less than the cost of printing them. I carried one of these pamphlets with me to many of the stakes of Zion and talked from it, and on more than one occasion received orders immediately following my talks for from five hundred to eight hundred copies from bishops of wards and high councilmen to distribute in their stakes.

To Japan in 1901

WHEN I went to Japan in 1901, I was astonished to find in Yokohama, the principal seaport of that country, people smoking in the dining room. I had never before seen such a thing in a first-class hotel, but upon my return to San Francisco I found people smoking in the dining rooms of the two hotels that I happened to stay in. I had been gone a little over two years. I then traveled from here to Great Britain, having been home only six weks. On the trains there was a great deal of smoking, more than I had seen before. I came across it in hotels. There were more accommodations on the trains in Europe for smokers than for non-smokers. I found that even where there were signs, "No Smoking," in non-smoking compartments, men would take out their pipes and cigars and smoke.

Three Years Later

WHEN I returned from England three years later, first-class hotels allowed smoking in their dining rooms. I remember there was an attempt made to prevent young ladies from smoking in one of the hotels in this city. They said, "Throw us out, if you want to, we won't quit." Well, nobody cares to put a lady out of a hotel. A real lady or gentleman is an individual who has some respect for other people's feelings.

I had the pleasure—with a question mark after the word pleasure—of sitting in a dining car while coming from Los Angeles after one of my recent visits there, and opposite me were four young ladies who were smoking, also one in front of me and another at a table behind me.

The growth of the use of tobacco is marvelous. I never dreamed of such a thing as that the smoking of cigarettes would become popular among young ladies. I never thought that any man of intelligence would be guilty of advocating that signs such as you have seen, "Reach for a Lucky," etc., be posted in public places. There was such a hullabaloo about it that they quit saying "instead of a sweet." They now say "Reach for a Lucky" and stop there, but everyone understands what they mean.

I regret that this little pamphlet is now out of print. It contains a letter from Thomas A. Edison, one of the greatest benefactors to mankind the world has ever produced. When you stop to reflect that eighty-five per cent of all the people in the Japanese empire have electric lights, you will realize how marvelously we are indebted to this wonderful man.

One Great Electric Blaze

I REMEMBER standing on the hill to the north of Hollywood and overlooking the cities of Los Angeles and Hollywood, out to Santa Monica, and all over that fifteen or twenty miles of dark night was one great electric blaze.

It was a marvelous sight, one of the greatest sights I have ever seen in my life that has been created by man, and we are indebted to Edison for it.

The following letter by him is dated April 26th, 1914.

"Friend Ford: The injurious agent in cigarettes comes principally from the burning paper wrapper. The substance thereby formed is called 'Acrolein.' It has a violent action on the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain, which is quite rapid among boys. Unlike most narcotics this degeneration is permanent and uncontrollable. I employ no person who smokes. Yours, Thomas A. Edison."

Permanent degeneration of the brains of our children! I rejoice that there are some schools in the world where smoking is prohibited on the campus at least. I am sorry that we have some here that are not that way, including our State University. We spend, as I remember it, over seventy-five per cent of all our taxes for school purposes, and then we sit still and allow degeneration of the brain to come to some of our students while on the campus. Such is life, however.

The head of the great tobacco trust, Mr. Hill, says:

"The scientific facts are all in favor of the cigarette."

I am "harrassed with doubts," like Mark Twain's opinion of his guide at the home of Columbus, as to the truthfulness of any such statements.

Mr. Ford's seccretary says:

"I call your attention to the statement of one of the magistrates in your city, who states that 99 per cent of the boys between the ages of 10 and 17, who come before him charged with crime, have their fingers disfigured by cigarette stains."

A chief of police told me that during his administration he never knew a criminal who was not guilty of the use of cigarettes.

Tobacco and Mental Efficiency

DR. A. D. BUSH has the following to say in the Efficiency Magazine of May, 1914:

"It has been ascertained that tobacco smoking causes a decrease of 10.5 per cent in mental efficiency. There was a series of 120 tests on each of fifteen men in several different psychic fields. The men who volunteered for the tests were all medical students ranging in age from 21 to 32 years, of varying previous experience, from the farm-laborer to the life-long student. The mental capacity of the students varied from the failure to the honor student. The subjects were attendants at the University of Vermont, where Dr. Bush is an instructor in physiology."

Dr. T. D. Crothers of Walnut Lodge Hospital, Incorporated, at Hartford, Connecticut, speaking of tobacco, says:

"Loss of power, loss of control, diminished vitality and general inefficiency and profound weakness are almost certain to follow. Other diseases are invited, and show greater persistency and fatality. The one conclusion, to which there are no exceptions so far as we are able to determine, is that tobacco is a more or less dangerous narcotic to the senses and the higher brain activities, and no person can be in complete possession of his faculties and power of control and exercise the highest efficiency possible who uses tobacco."

The Detroit Times of March 20th, 1916:

"One hundred cigarettes a day were too much for Frank Winters, aged 46 years, of this city. He was declared to have been mentally affected by excessive cigarette smoking in a certificate filed in the probate court, Saturday morning by Dr. M. A. Layton.

"A petition asking for the commitment of Winters to an insane asylum was filed with the probate court by Joseph Perman, No. 542 Lawndale Avenue, with whom Winters lives.

"His strange actions had made his associates think him insane. Dr. Layton declared in his report that he was unable to find well defined symptoms of insanity, but that cigarettes had made him simple-minded."

Fetter of the Cigarette

IN the Scientific Temperance Journal, Rev. Ozora S. Davis, president of the Chicago Theological Seminary, says:

"The power of the cigarette habit is greater than we would be inclined to think. Boys in school who are in the clutch of it become its slaves. They cannot put their minds on their work. They are incapable of remaining long without the stimulant of another cigarette. Their whole physical and moral condition is involved. This is the universal testimony of teachers, and it is something that is known to the writer from experience as a high school principal. The fetter of the cigarette habit becomes welded at last with a grip that no act of the weakened will alone can break. This is the terrible and tragic end of the matter in case after case. Boys think that they can smoke a little now and then when they please and that they can stop when they are ready to do so. They do not know that the very continuing of the use of cigarettes involves their wills so seriously that when they want to stop they cannot. This can be proven from every school in the country."

I realize, my brethren and sisters, that there is nothing in the world more tedious to an audience than to listen to a person reading, but I am not here to try to entertain you; no matter how tedious it is I am anxious for you to get some of these facts in your minds. Dr. Fred J. Pack of the University of Utah, (by the way, he has written a book against the use of tobacco and given a great many statistics) gives the following information which appeared in the Scientific Temperance Journal:

"Twelve colleges and universities in all parts of the country supplied the facts. A total of 210 men contested for positions on the first teams. Of the non-smokers 65.8 per cent were successful; of the smokers only 33.3 per cent were successful.

"This was not only true in the six institutions which furnished data about the tryout when taken as a total, but in each of the six the non-smokers far outstripped the smokers. In one institution not a single smoker obtained a place on the team."

I would like to read the entire book to you, but there are seventy-seven pages of it.

The Rocky Mountain Champions

I HAVE been told that the coach of the Rocky Mountain football champions will not have any boy on his team who smokes, and that team won the championship in this section last year. No wonder that in twelve colleges only 33.3 of the smokers got on the team, and 65.8 of the non-smokers.

"The cigarette," says Dr. Kress, "strikes a direct blow at the most vital organ of the body."

I happen to have had two very dear friends who died many years younger than I am, both of them athletic, strong, vigorous men, and I was such a poor specimen of humanity that when I was twenty years old no life insurance company would insure me. The same was true at twenty-five. I tried again when I was thirty, and again when I was thirty-five, with the same result.

"It weakens the heart action."

These two friends of mine died of what is called tobacco heart.

"For this reason it is difficult for the cigarette addict to engage in athletics. He finds he is easily winded and is lacking in endurance. He soon loses all ambition to engage in sports, or, in fact, in any useful occupation. Associating with others of his kind, he soon begins to visit the pool rooms. In time he may end up in the juvenile court, reform school or penitentiary. It is estimated that 96 per cent of our youthful criminals are cigarette addicts. The boy with a weakened heart is more apt to succumb to typhoid fever, tuberculosis or other acute diseases which especially tax the heart, should he be stricken down with them. The cigarette injures the boy morally. He is almost as difficult to impress as the cocaine fiend.

"It is generally recognized that any habit of life which places an extra tax upon the kidneys, heart or other vital organs, wears them out prematurely. Such a habit is the use of cigarettes as practiced today from youth up. A careful study of six Canadian insurance companies found the mortality rate of non-smokers to be 59 and that of moderate smokers 93."

Mike Donovan, a familiar figure in athletics, for thirty years athletic director of the New York Athletic Club, says:

"Any boy who smokes can never hope to succeed in any line of endeavor, as smoking weakens the heart and lungs, and ruins the stomach and affects the entire nervous system. If a boy or young man expects to amount to anything in athletics he must let smoking and all kinds of liquor alone. They are rank poison to his athletic ambitions."

An Experiment

MRS. T. E. PATTERSON, of Griffin, Georgia, president of the Georgia Woman's Christian Temperance Union, says:

"I have heard amateur chemists say, 'I have investigated and find that cigarette papers contain no poison.' We are told that they do contain lime, lead, and arsenic, a solution, used to toughen paper.

"Several years ago I stepped into a grocery store and asked to buy a package of cigarette papers, such as were given away at that time with Durham smoking tobacco. I took two small bottles, each holding three tablespoonfuls of water. In one I placed fifteen of these cigarette papers and in the other an equal thickness of leaves of tissue paper from between visiting cards, for the tissue papers were much thinner and it took a larger number of leaves.

"I found that a few drops of the water from the bottle containing the cigarette paper would kill a mouse quicker than you could say 'Jack Robinson,' and a teaspoonful of the water from the other papers seemed to cause a mouse to suffer no inconvenience.

"I have killed dozens of mice with this water and there are others who have tried the experiment with the same success. Will Mr. Hill—"

Remember Mr. Hill is the head of the great tobacco trust—"please tell me what made the difference in the same water in the same kind of bottles, except the papers that were placed in the bottle?"

I have not heard of Mr. Hill answering that question.

The boy who does not know of Connie Mack is not old enough to take an interest in baseball. As leader of the Philadelphia Athletics, Connie Mack takes rank as one of the greatest generals baseball has ever known. He reads men and boys as an ordinary person reads a book. He contributes to the Scientific Temperance Journal this characteristically clear statement:

"It is my candid opinion, and I have watched very closely the last twelve years or more, that boys at the age of ten to fifteen who have continued smoking cigarettes do not as a rule amount to anything. They are unfitted in every way for any kind of work where brains are needed—"

And I want to say that brains are very much needed right now. They are becoming very scarce. It is mighty hard to get along without some of them.

"No boy nor man can expect to succeed in this world to a high position and continue the use of cigarettes."

Hudson Maxim has won world renown as the inventor of high explosives for use in battleship guns and torpedoes and for various other purposes. He comes out squarely against the cigarette in this fashion:

"The wreath of cigarette smoke which curls about the head of the growing lad holds his brain in an iron grip which prevents it from growing and his mind from developing just as surely as the iron shoe does the foot of the Chinese girl.

"In the terrible struggle for survival against the deadly cigarette smoke development and growth are sacrificed by

nature, which in the fight for very life itself must yield up every vital luxury such as healthy body growth and growth of brain and mind.

"If all boys could be made to know that with every breath of cigarette smoke they inhale imbecility and exhale manhood, that they are tapping their arteries as surely and letting their life's blood out as truly as though their veins and arteries were severed, and that the cigarette is a maker of invalids, criminals and fools —not men—it ought to deter them some. The yellow finger stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain."

What Burbank Said

LUTHER BURBANK, I believe almost second to Edison in his accomplishments for the benefit of mankind, makes the following comment:

"Several of my young acquaintances are in their graves who gave promise of making happy and useful citizens, and there is no question that cigarettes alone were the cause of their destruction."

Luther Burbank was the wizard of the plant and vegetable kingdom whose experiments have benefited the civilized world several million dollars every year. He says further:

"No boy living would commence the use of cigarettes if he knew what a useless, soulless, worthless thing they would make of him."

This is from Henry Ford:

"Replying to Mr. Hill's defense, Mr. E. G. Liebold, my secretary, called attention to reports from colleges and other educational institutions showing that young men addicted to the cigarette habit seldom, if ever, led in their studies; that one of the magistrates in Mr. Hill's own city, New York, stated that 99 per cent of the boys between the ages of 10 and 17 who come before him charged with crime have their fingers disfigured by cigarette stains, and challenged Mr. Hill to point out what beneficial result has ever been experienced by anyone through indulgence in this habit."

I have never heard of the challenge being accepted.

In An Auto Plant

THE Cadillac Motor company makes the following comment:

"Several years ago we began a somewhat active campaign against this evil. We made a study of the effect upon the morals and efficiency of men in our employ addicted to this habit and found that cigarette smokers invariably were loose in their morals and very apt to be untruthful, and were far less productive than men who were not cigarette smokers. We might mention a large number of instances which substantiate this latter statement, but space does not permit. We put up notices in conspicuous places about the plant. This had quite an effect among the employees in general. We allow no cigarette smoking about the plant; in fact, will not hire men who we know use cigarettes.

"We are proud to say that none of the prominent or executive men in this company use cigarettes for two reasons: First, that they believe the effects to be injurious, and second, that it would be difficult to enforce a rule they themselves did not adhere to."

George W. Alden, head of the big mercantile institution in Brockton, Mass., that bears his name, says:

"So far as I know none of my employees smoke cigarettes. We don't hire that kind of boys or men. I should not consider for a minute any candidate for a position if I knew he smoked cigarettes. It would be pretty strongly against him if he applied for a position with either a cigar, pipe or cigarette in his mouth. With the general knowledge prevalent in this state as to the injurious effects of cigarette smoking, any boy should have ambition enough and decision enough to let cigarettes alone. My observation has taught me that cigarette smoking boys are woefully lacking in both ambition and decision. They soon become dull, smoke-befuddled boys. I let them know that cigarettes spoil boys for my business."

To Both Mind and Body

J. C. Ayer and Company:

"Believing that smoking cigarettes is injurious to both mind and body, thereby unfitting young men for their best work, therefore, after this date we will not employ any young man under twenty-one years of age who smokes cigarettes."

THERE is page after page of comment along the same lines. I will read one more:

Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, the greatest department store in America, if not in the world, bars cigarette-smoking boys, giving this as their reason:

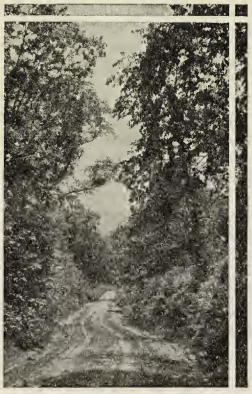
"For many years it has been our policy not to engage boys who make a practice of smoking cigarettes, as we believe it to be detrimental to their development."

It will take me six minutes to read the story that I am going to give you:

"It was in the heat of the gubernatorial campaign in Michigan that I first met them—two fellows whom to know was to like. One was the star political writer on a metropolitan newspaper, the other a reporter on a small city daily.

"They had struck up an acquaintance during the afternoon, while one of the gubernatorial candidates the political writer was accompanying on a spell-binding tour was making a speech at the country fair grounds.

"We sat up late that night in the



hotel lobby, swapping stories and talking over matters of mutual interest, and I was impressed by the striking similarity of characteristics in the two men. Both were splendid physical specimens of manhood, clean-cut, alert, immaculately attired—men who would attract attention in a crowd.

"Scarcely had we settled down in our chairs when the political writer produced a box of cigarettes, and after extracting one for his own consumption passed them to his new-found acquaintance. They were declined with thanks.

" 'Ha,' laughed the political writer jokingly, 'you have no small vices, eh?'

"The reporter looked grave.

" 'I am not sure that is such a small vice,' he replied slowly.

" 'Oh, well, we'll not quarrel over that,' went on the political writer, 'I do not smoke much myself.'

"But during our session that evening he emptied one box and had made serious inroads on a second.

"It was some months later, in Lansing, that I met them. They were 'covering' the legislature for rival papers in the same city, but this fact had no bearing on their friendship. They were inseparable and had come to be known as Damon and Pythias, so devoted were they to each other's interests. Only, wherever Damon was encountered he would be found puffing at a half-burned cigarette, or with feverish haste rolling a fresh one.

"The years rolled by. I had kept close track of the small town reporter who had developed into a star metropolitan man"—

Please remember that the man who smoked had already developed into a political writer.

—"and was turning his attention to theatrical reviewing with marked success. But the political writer had dropped from view, following a disagreement with the newspaper he served.

"One day a shadow fell across my path, and I looked up to come face to face with the one-time star. He was bronzed. His clothes were in sore need of a valet, and his linen had not been on speaking terms with a laundry for some time back. He grinned at my gasp of astonishment.

" 'I don't wonder you are surprised,' he went on. 'You see, I've been down in Georgia working on a peach farm. I had to do something, so I thought I'd cut out the old life for a time. I'm pretty near down and out—but I'll come back. I'm just as good today as I ever was, and I'll show those fellows that have turned against me. By the way, can you spare me a cigarette?'

"A month or so later I was wandering along the docks, watching the operations of a gang of lumber shovers, when an overalled figure separated itself from the rest of the party and came shuffling over to where I stood. There was something familiar about the man, yet I had to look a second time before being certain as to the identity of the grimy, perspiring individual.

" 'Yes, it's me,' he volunteered, extending a calloused hand on the fingers of which the tell-tale yellow cigarette stains showed through the dirt. 'You'd never have thought it of me, would you?'

"There was a wistfulness in his tones, and it seemed almost as though tears glistened in the shifting eyes.

" 'You see,' he went on, 'it was a little dull in the newspaper business and I had to live while something was turning up in the old game, so I'm down here for a little while. It doesn't pay very much—and it's awful hard work—but it's enough to keep me going until I get back. I can make good again. All I need is a fair show. I've got the stuff in me if I get a chance. And by the way. * * *'

"I hadn't. If I had possessed a cigarette, I think it would have been his without asking. He craved it like a man recovering from a long spree craves a drink of whiskey to slake his thirst.

"From time to time strange stories reached me concerning the one-time political writer. He was successively panhandler, hobo, and potato peeler in the kitchen of the county infirmary, to which he obtained admittance through the good offices of men who had known him in the prime of his career.

"It was a crisp October morning suggestive of winter apparel. At a down town corner stood a gaunt figure, from whose parchment-like countenance two

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Utah Supreme Court Speaks Regarding Tobacco Advertising

By
ATTORNEY OSCAR W. CARLSON
Member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.

LARGELY as a result of the activity of representatives of the Mutual Improvement Associations, the Utah Legislature passed, during its 1929 session, a law making it a misdemeanor for any person, company or corporation to display on any billboard, street car sign, placard, or any other object or place of display any advertisement of cigarettes, cigarette papers, cigars, chewing tobacco or smoking tobacco or any disguise or substitute of either, except that a dealer in cigarettes, cigarette papers, cigars, tobacco or their substitute may have a sign on the front of his place of business stating that he is a dealer in such articles.

After this law went into effect the Packer Corporation, a billboard advertising concern, displayed an advertisement of Chesterfield Cigarettes upon one of the billboards in Salt Lake City. Consequently, the corporation was prosecuted for violation of law. After proceedings first in the City Court and then in the District Court, the case came before the State Supreme Court of Utah. In connection with the trial a question was raised as to the constitutionality of the law. It was contended by the Packer Corporation that the law was violative of both the State and Federal Constitutions. The State, however, which conducted the prosecution, insisted that the law represents a proper and legitimate exercise of the police power of the State,

IN passing, it should be noted that the prohibition of tobacco advertising was only a part of an act which contained many related matters. That the act, as a whole, included briefly the following:

1. The licensing of cigarette dealers.
2. The imposition of a tax to be paid on all cigarettes sold.
3. The prohibition of advertising of cigarettes and tobaccos on billboards, placards, and in street cars.
4. The prohibition of the sale or furnishing of cigarettes or tobacco to minors under twenty-one years of age.
5. The making it unlawful for proprietors of places of business to permit minors under twenty-one years of age to frequent such places while using tobacco in any form.
6. The vesting of power in the licensing authority to revoke the license of any dealer for violation of the act.

THE Supreme Court of the State of Utah, by a majority of three out of the five judges, decided that the law is constitutional and therefore valid and enforceable. The majority opinion was written by Justice W. H. Folland. A dissenting opinion, however, was filed by Justice D. N. Straup.

Under the majority opinion it was held that the State, in the exercise of its police power, may license, tax, and regulate the sale and use of cigarettes and tobacco and may go so far as to prohibit the traffic entirely, for the reason that the courts have classed tobacco and cigarettes as agencies harmful to the general health and welfare of society. But the specific question in the case was whether or not the prohibition of a particular kind of advertising of tobaccos could be upheld. The Legislature could have prohibited, entirely, the sale of and advertising of cigarettes within the State but could it prohibit certain kinds of advertising and ignore others and at the same time avoid a classification or discrimination that would be violative of the State and Federal Constitutions? Of course, from the law itself, it is apparent the Legislature believed that in the use, sale and advertising of cigarettes and tobacco there are evils inimical to the public welfare, which require regulation and restriction. In this connection the court observed as follows:

"Advertising is a form of soliciting. We see no reason why the State which may prohibit or limit the sale of this article may not also limit or restrict the solicitation of the sale, especially where, as here, it has prohibited the sale to minors. Such solicitation by advertisement is for the purpose of increasing the demand for and use of tobacco. These advertisements do not appeal alone to the class of persons who may lawfully purchase and use cigarettes and tobacco; they are general in their nature and appeal to all classes and ages of our population. It is inconsistent to say that the legislature may lawfully prohibit the sale of tobacco to minors of both sexes, but is without power to place any restriction on the solicitation of such persons by advertisements. Laws have been enacted in almost every state in the union prohibiting the sale of tobacco or some of its manufactured forms to minors, but notwithstanding the enactment of these laws and the attempt to enforce them, the tobacco habit has made great inroads into the youth of the country. The reason would seem quite plain. Manufacturers and dealers have been left free to appeal to the boys and girls as well as adults with most alluring and attractive cigarette and tobacco advertisements with the result that these laws have become largely ineffective. It is almost useless to pass laws prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors, and at the same time make no attempt to restrict the solicitation of these same minors by all kinds of alluring and attractive advertisements. The recruits into the ranks of the smokers come largely from the boys and girls rather than from people of maturity. The prohibiting of billboard and other placard advertisements has a direct bearing and relation to the object of the act in attempting to prevent the sale to and use of cigarettes and tobacco by minors. The legislature could well have concluded that the kind and amount of advertising done by the tobacco manufacturers and dealers has amounted to a campaign of propaganda for the purpose of inducing the youth of the community to become users of tobacco in its various forms. We think it clearly within the power of the legislature, when it undertook to combat or diminish the evil of smoking among

young people, to not only prohibit the sale of these products to minors but also to strike at a most effective and insidious method of inducement habitually used to lure the youth into the use of these products by prohibiting the advertising of cigarettes and tobacco on billboards, placards, and in street cars."

THE Packer Corporation claimed that there is an unjust discrimination in the law in that only advertising by billboards, street car signs, and placards are prohibited while advertising by newspaper, magazine and radio are permitted. In answer, the Court explained that in its opinion there is no such discrimination. Billboards, street car signs, placards and such are in a class by themselves. They are wholly intra-state and the restrictions apply, without discrimination, to all in the same class.

"Advertisements of this sort are constantly before the eyes of observers on the streets and in street cars to be seen without the exercise of choice or volition on their part. Other forms of advertising are ordinarily seen as a matter of choice on the part of the observer. The young people as well as the adults have the message of the billboard thrust upon them by all the arts and devices that skill can produce. In the case of newspapers and magazines, there must be some seeking by the one who is to see and read the advertisement. The radio can be turned off, but not so the billboard or street car placard.

"These distinctions clearly place this kind of advertisements in a position to be classified so that regulations or prohibitions may be imposed upon all within the class. This is impossible with respect to newspapers or magazines. The classification, therefore, is not arbitrary or unreasonable, and when made there is no legal reason why the classification cannot be sustained as within legislative power.

"We conclude that the statute in question was enacted within the lawful exercise of legislative power in the interest of public health, morals and welfare, because the advertising of cigarettes and tobacco has a relation, real and substantial, to the public welfare, that the belief of evils sought to be reached by the legislation was not arbitrary, but such evils were obstacles to a greater public welfare. There is no deprivation of due process of law, nor a denial of equal protection of the laws, the classification adopted by the legislature is not without good reason, so that all similarly circumstanced are treated alike. Such restrictions upon the use of property and the right to contract will be sustained where imposed in the interest of the welfare of the whole people. It is not for us to set up our views as to the wisdom or effectiveness of such legislation. The responsibility for determining the policy of the State in such matters is upon the legislative department."

Answering Tobacco's Challenge

[*Continued from page 448*]

fishy eyes stared forth uncomprehendingly. Under his arm he carried a small bundle of newspapers that he essayed unsuccessfully to dispose of to passers-by. As he called the papers in a rasping monotone he pulled away at a cigarette "butt" he had picked from the gutter. * * *

"I saw him again the other day moving unsteadily along the street, having eyes but not seeing, possessed of ears yet not hearing. The overalls that partly encased his withered limbs were frayed at the bottom and flapped about forlornly with every step. A checked blouse took the place of a coat. A ragged straw hat, whose original color had long since disappeared beneath a coat of grime, surmounted his tousled hair. His face resembled that of a coal heaver at the end of a day's toil. His hands swinging loosely at his sides, were dark as those of an African.

"I have seen men in the throes of delirium tremens, screeching for help at the top of their voices, while hospital attendants fought to restrain them. I never saw so horrible a spectacle as was represented by this one time Beau Brummel, who had forfeited every claim to consideration and sunk to unbelievable depths —victim of the Little White Slaver.

"Not one of his former acquaintances would have recognized him in this pitiable condition—and it was well.

"Possibly before you read these lines Death will have mercifully laid hold on this human derelict and he will have passed to the great beyond."

The Other Man

THE other man—the one who had 'no small vices?' He is today dramatic editor of one of the leading New York newspapers, standing well toward the head of his profession, a man known personally by every actor and actress of consequence in the country, and whose opinions are accepted as authoritative."

One of my boy friends in this city, a cigarette smoker, who was bright and intelligent, was a member of a baseball club of which I, too, was a member. He played in a grade higher than I, although we were both the same age. He became ambitious to go on a mission. We do not send cigarette smokers on misisons. For six months this boy conducted himself properly and did not smoke a single cigarette. He went on a mission, learned a foreign language, filled a fine mission, his mission president gave him a most excellent reputation. Finally his release came and when he read it he said: "Hurrah, boys, I shall now have a cigarette," and he went out and did some smoking. He came home a cigarette smoker. Cigarette smoking led to liquor drinking. While under the influence of liquor he lost his virtue and was excommunicated from the Church. As I stood at his grave I looked up to heaven and made a pledge to my God that liquor and tobacco would have in me an enemy who would fight with all the ability that God would give me to the day of my death, and I have kept that pledge so far. He died in his young manhood, that strong, physical, intellectual fellow.

A New Arithmetic

I AM not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add nervous troubles to a boy, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success."

The following is from Henry Ford:

"In 1900," continues Mr. Hill, "two billion six hundred thousand cigarettes were made in this country. In 1913 fifteen billion, eight hundred million cigarettes were made here, an increase of 700 per cent."

A little over a year ago—I haven't any recent statistics—105,000,000,000 cigarettes were consumed in this country. What is a billion? Very few people stop to reflect regarding the matter. But a billion is one a minute for every minute since the birth of the Savior. So the equivalent of 105 cigarettes for every minute from the birth of the Savior until now were consumed in America in a single year. I am sure that very many more were consumed in 1930.

EVERYBODY is ready to sustain the law he likes. That is not, in the proper sense, respect for law or order. The best of respect for law is where the law is upheld even though it hurts.
—*Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes.*

President Rey L. Pratt

By MELVIN J. BALLARD
of the Council of Twelve

IN the apparent untimely passing of Elder Rey L. Pratt, member of the First Council of Seventy and president of the Mexican mission, the Church as well as his family has lost a valiant servant and a faithful husband and father. But how glorious to conclude one's earthly labors working gallantly in the harness! Highly equipped with a fine missionary spirit and with a perfect knowledge of the Spanish language, he was an invaluable asset to the Church in that particular mission field. And who can tell but that all this was but a preparation for his continued missionary labors in a larger field among the countless millions who are speaking the Spanish language in the spirit world—the only language they knew and who died without a knowledge of the truth.

We must acknowledge the hand of the Lord even in this, because to him there is no death. He is merely transferring his servant from one field of labor to another. And undoubtedly the appointment that has come to him is the most important so far in his career.

HE was faithful to the uttermost in the twenty-five years that he presided over the Mexican mission. His whole heart was in the work and his love of the Mexican people was unbounded.

Laboring as a missionary companion with the writer in South America five years ago, Elder Pratt was greatly distressed to learn of the expulsion of the missionaries from Mexico. It looked like his life's work was to be thrown away, but his joy was unbounded in discovering the fact that despite the absence of missionaries from headquarters, the Mexican Saints are just as loyal and devoted as people can be. They are conducting the missionary work, building churches, preaching the Gospel in a most effective way; and the foundation that has been laid apparently will stand forever, a monument to the labors of this devoted servant of the Lord and his associates in the work.

He has an outstanding record from the fact that he has spent all the days of his life while a seventy in the missionary field, and that covers a long period of time. He magnified his holy calling as a member of the First Council in the very finest way possible—as a missionary ever since he was called to that position.

He leaves a wife and ten children. Sister Pratt is a brave, courageous soul who has stood nobly at her post during the many periods when President Pratt has been absent from his home, and she has been eminently successful as both father and mother. The Lord will surely not desert her now.

PRESIDENT PRATT has left to the Church and to the world in his noble family worthy sons and daughters who will ever bear his name in honor.

His operation for hernia was deemed a necessity in order to make him more efficient in his work and to save him from possible danger when away from medical attention. It was thought to have been a simple operation and indeed would have been. The operation was skillfully performed. But there was a complete paralysis of the bowels following the administration of the local anesthetic. This resulted in his untimely death.

HE possessed many of the rare gifts of his illustrious father, Helaman Pratt, and grandfather, Parley P. Pratt. He had a poetic gift and has left in both English and Spanish some gems expressing his deep feelings and emotions in choice poetic language. His many translations and writings in Spanish will live through all the years to come and be an effective instrument in the hands of missionaries among the Spanish people.

He has added luster to the famous Pratt name in our Church annals and has created a place of his own in the hearts of hundreds of missionaries and thousands of Saints that will remain as long as time endures.

Antoine Ridgeway Ivins

THE Gospel, as it has been given to the world in this day, enters so intimately

[*Continued on page 456*]

Facing Life

By DR. ADAM S. BENNION

Illustrations by Fielding K. Smith

V

What Can You Do?

HE KNOWS

THIS has been a critical year. A year of curtailment with its consequent depression following upon the heels of a wildly speculative market and a tremendous national overproduction. In this crisis practically all institutions have had to cut the corners—and one of the corners has been employment. When it is remembered that in Salt Lake City alone some 7,000 men have listed themselves as out of work and in need, one can readily appreciate just how real this situation has been. Participation in the recent Community Chest Campaign leaves no doubt in one's mind that want and need are actualities.

But in all this depression some very valuable life principles have re-emphasized themselves.

Spiritual values have declared themselves. Appreciation has attached itself to the blessings which we enjoy. Those of us who have work have experienced a new gratitude.

Along with these spiritual reflections have come other very significant considerations. Who is it in the main who is out of employment? Why? Every day brings its lists of applicants for positions in practically every institution in this city. One cannot sit across the table from a group of men and women seeking employment without asking himself the question, *"If I were in their place what have I to offer which would warrant selecting me?"*

Whether or not the inquiry finds expression in just these words, most employers would put one outstanding question to all applicants:

"What Can You Do?"

After all, that is the real examination which life would require of all of us. The world looks for results.

IT is interesting to take a dozen names out of the Press of the last five years and ask why it is that they have been given such recognition. The following names have been prominently before America's reading public during those years. No defense is offered for including these particular names or for excluding others. No doubt another list of quite as outstanding personalities could be selected.

But run over these selections as you ponder the answer to the query, "what makes them famous?"

Helen Keller
Will Rogers
Jack Dempsey
Babe Ruth
Lawrence Tibbett
Norma Shearer
Harry Emerson Fosdick
Bing Crosby
Helen Wills Moody
Bill Tilden
Hack Wilson
Knute Rockne

These folks are not elevated through positions of state. They have caught the public fancy because they *Do Things*. In his field every one of these notables is a *Doer*.

Of course, life is too complex to be catalogued—human distinctions are too subtle for fine drawn classifications. But it becomes increasingly clearer that men too frequently allow themselves to fall into one of the first two of the following classifications:

1. He Knows.
2. He Does.
3. He Knows and Does.

A LETTER from a former college student came across the table the other day with an altogether significant problem couched in its brief but pertinent inquiry:

"I have been out of college two years. Every where I go for a job I am told I can't get one because I haven't had any experience. But how can a fellow get experience if he can never get a job?"

That's a mean circle in which to travel. Schools frequently say frankly that their function is to lay broad foundations —to establish cultural backgrounds — to teach correct habits of thought.

And of course all of these things are fundamental. But it will be helpful to applicants for employment if they will appreciate fully that when they apply for positions they should do so upon one of two platforms. Either that their training has been general— and that they want *to start at the bottom* —that they really don't know anything about the business in question, or, they should take pains along the way to acquaint themselves with the business upon which they hope to enter while they are laying their general foundations. The answer to the question "What Can You Do?" becomes then much more easy of solution.

I SOMETIMES think it would be a very helpful thing for a boy to apply for a position which he hopes to secure several years before he really expects to enter

upon it. If he could come to understand the demands it will make of him he could so much more intelligently prepare for it. In the nature of things, business is becoming more and more highly specialized. Machinery continues to drive out unskilled labor. The set-up of any modern institution presupposes special ability on the part of its employees.

If you can visualize yourself making application for a position which of the two self-descriptions would you supply?

"Here I am—I should like to learn your business—I am prepared to start at the bottom and will take my chance at working up."

or

"Here I am—I can do well these things——. Can you use a man of my training?"

Of course there is always a place for you if you bring with you—

Good Intelligence
Character
Good General Backgrounds
Willingness to work and to learn.

But you must be prepared to serve your apprenticeship even though that word is essentially out of use.

ISN'T it good sense all the time you are laying your general foundations to feel yourself out in the line which eventually you hope to choose? There's merit in "Trying Life On." Your summers—or your Saturdays—or your late afternoons and evenings—one or more of these will usually offer you the occasion to try yourself out.

Suppose you had to find a job tomorrow! *What Can You Do?*

What kind of case could you make for yourself before an employer? Perhaps you may find value in turning through the procedure rather generally followed in the selection of men and women for regular placement in typical major institutions.

He Does

I. First of all, there is the interview. Here first impressions are registered. Have you "looked yourself over" on the score of such factors as:

Appearance, voice, attitude, health, physical fitness, personal cleanliness, ease, poise, address. Can you carry on an intelligent interview about yourself in a straightforward way, combining humility, confidence and tact in a convincing appeal? Can you sell "at par" on sight. If you haven't yet made a formal application you will be interested some day to try yourself out. Such a performance calls for real *Salesmanship*. Think of selling *Yourself*.

II. There will follow, of course, Personal Testimonials—Letters of Recommendation. Who could recommend you for what? And why? What have you done to lead some one to be a real sponsor for you? It is genuinely worth while to you to do outstanding things for a few men who, because of your performance as well as because of your character and personality, will be glad to champion you in the hour of your application.

III. Your record to date will be checked. If it is a school record, be sure your work will speak for you. Except in rare cases, men are willing to believe that your school record is a substantial index to your performance. Poor grades always make an employer skeptical. Good grades are a real asset. Not that you need straight A's. You do need substantial marks. A good vigorous average. Why should an employer expect you to do for him what you would not do for one of the greatest institutions in America—The Public School?

IF you present yourself with experience in another institution, of course your record will be checked to discover how well you succeeded there—how well you were able to get on with other employers—what your record for honesty and dependability was—why you left—etc.

He Knows and Does

IV. Nowadays, all of these inquiries are being supplemented by tests. If you apply for clerical work it is fairly easy to measure your performance for—

Speed	Orderliness
Accuracy	Legibility
Neatness	Dependability

IF you apply for general office work, other simple but quality-revealing tests are available. In a few minutes you can give an index to your calibre and training. Consider these three exercises:

1. Multiply—

98765432
3456789

2. Give the meaning of these twelve words taken from A. L. Scoville's "Watch Your Words."

Taciturn	Titular
Tantamount	Tortuous
Tenacious	Transfigure
Tenuous	Transversely
Tete-a-tete	Travesty
Textual	Turretted

3. Work this problem:

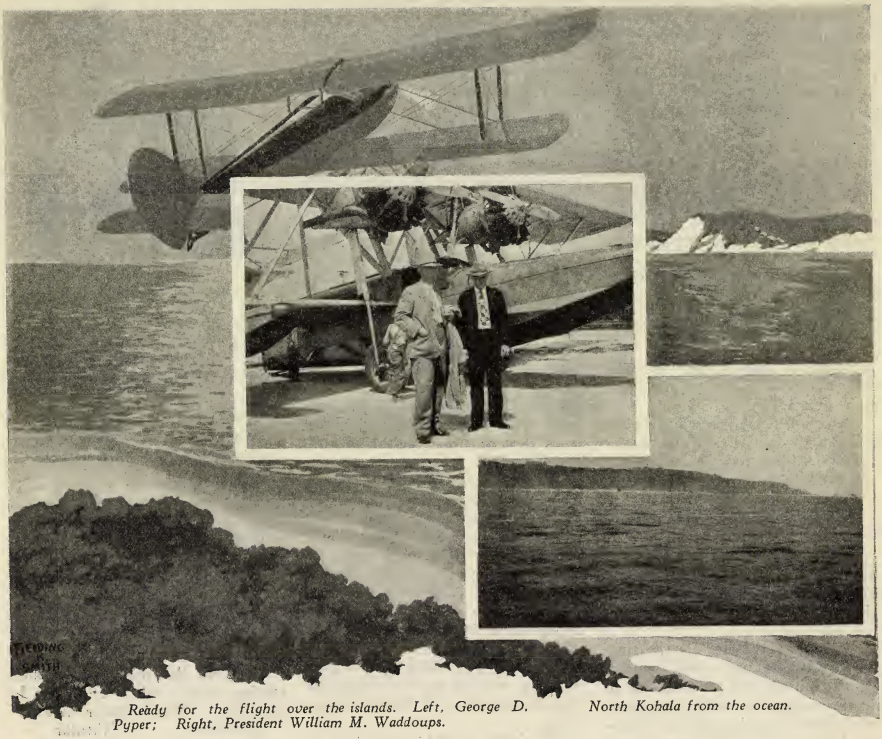
You and your friend each have some sheep. If he gives you one, you each then have the same number of sheep. But if you give him one, he has twice as many as you. How many sheep has each of you?

General Intelligence—Aptitude—Motor Response Tests are also available. Naturally, if you apply for work as a Car Repair Man the test will be altogether different.

You may be sure that more and more employers are going to attempt to discover what your capabilities are. You can sensibly address to yourself right now the question:

What Can I Do?

and go to work to find a real answer.



Ready for the flight over the islands. Left, George D. Pyper; Right, President William M. Waddoups.

North Kohala from the ocean.

Seeing Hawaii from the Sky

By GEO. D. PYPER

of the

General Superintendency of Sunday Schools

I CAN'T say that I ever really wanted to ride in an airplane. While hardly prepared to admit that I was a coward in that respect, yet, as I analyze my feelings, frankness compels the confession that I was afraid. In the face of the record that many thousands of persons traveled safely by air last year in the United States, my fears seem to be somewhat foolish, yet the fact still remains. In the light of this fear, I wonder that I had the courage to board a small Pacific Steamship with a capacity of only eighty passengers, on a seven-day trip to Hawaii, without a quiver. Did I say "without a quiver?" Well, I'll modify that, for during one day of the voyage, when a heavy sea took the vessel one hundred and fifty miles out of its charted course, broke many dishes, and made even the sailors sick, I was a little bit nervous. However, we arrived at Uncle Sam's most beautiful Territory, safe and sound, and while sojourning there discovered that it was to be my fate to see the Islands from the air.

In conversation with President William M. Waddoups, of the Latter-day Saint Hawaiian Mission, he informed me that a hydroplane made daily trips from Honolulu, on the Island of Oahu, to Hilo on the Island of Hawaii and return. Without thinking of the consequences I exclaimed, "Wouldn't that be a great trip?" Immediately he responded: "I've been thinking of making it myself for sometime, and this is a good chance; we'll go together!" I was caught. I couldn't with decency retreat. So it was decided that as the ride was said to be a little rougher going to Hilo than on the return, due to facing the trade

winds, we would take the steamer going to that city and return with the breeze by plane.

A FEW days later we engaged passage on a steamer which took fourteen hours to carry us

TREE FERNS
on the road to Kilauea

to our destination, a distance of something over two hundred miles from Honolulu. Arriving at Hilo we were met by friends of President Waddoups, who showed us some of the sights of Hawaii (the largest of the Island group) the most marvelous of which was, of course, the volcano Kilauea. The golfers on the Island call the great crater the 19th hole, I suppose because its hot stuff. There we found an old fellow who had brought his putter along to send a ball in the center of the fire hole. I made haste to get a picture of him and, while focusing my camera, stepped backward, struck a small projecting rock and fell heels over head. For a moment I feared I might be a sacrifice to the dreadful Pele, but heaved a sigh of relief upon discovering that I was far enough away from the rim of the abyss to be well out of danger. It is thrilling to realize that the very spot on which we stood was, a very short time after, a seething mass of molten lava.

Returning from Kilauea we motored through magnificent highways lined with lacy tree ferns—forests of them. We also visited Rainbow Falls, a snap shot of which is reproduced with this article. When we arrived at L. D. S. headquarters it was raining. I've seen rain in different wet sections of the United States but never as it poured into Hilo. For thirty-six hours it simply "slopped over," recording twenty-five inches in that brief time. When one compares that with the average yearly rainfall around Salt Lake—about fifteen inches—one will get an idea of how heaven's flood-gates opened up at Hilo.

All this is preliminary to the subject of the sketch.

THE aviation field at Hilo is about two and a half miles from the city. Arriving there we

RAINBOW FALLS
near Hilo, Island of Hawaii

were first met by an elderly Hawaiian woman, who put around each of our necks a beautiful silk lei which she had made with her own hands. She had walked from Hilo to do this. There was a decided lump in our throats as she placed the leis over our heads.

As we signed the transportation tickets the humorous (?) agent said: "I suppose this is the first time you have ever signed your death warrant"—a rather gruesome send-off. After posing for a snap shot we climbed up a ladder and down in the plane's compartment, made for eight passengers. Then the hatch was closed. The pilot handed us each a bunch of cotton for our ears and a chew of gum to shut our mouths and off we shot. We glided along above the coast of the Island of Hawaii. Below us on the northeastern slopes were thousands upon thousands of acres of sugar cane dotted with sugar mills in the valleys by the seashore. It all seemed like a beautiful green gigantic velvety lawn. Over Pepeekeo, Hakalau, Laupahoehoe, Paauilo, Honokaa, the beautiful Waipio Valley, to the landing place at North Kohala we flew, securing a glimpse of the reputed birthplace of the great Hawaiian King Kamehameha I. After taking on a Japanese passenger the pilot made straight for the edge of a high cliff overlooking the ocean. It appeared as if we were surely going to drop over into the water, but instead we sailed off into the blue sky.

GEO. D. PYPER

FROM Kohala the ship rose rapidly, reaching an altitude of 2500 feet and traveling at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. The ocean below us was as a sea of glass. Soon we were out of sight of land. What a thrill it

FIRE HOLE
of Kilauea Volcano

was to be sailing over the Pacific and feeling that we were seeing just as much of the ocean at one time as Lindbergh. The horizon all around us was unobstructed. Presently, however, the Island of Maui came in sight. The four passengers and two pilots were thoroughly enjoying the scene when—what struck us! It was as if we were in the clutches of a cyclone. The ship flopped and floundered, and seemed to fall hundreds of feet. The pilot told us afterwards that we had encountered an unusually severe air pocket. Whatever it was the heads of the passengers struck the ceiling of the compartment and President Waddoups tore a rent in his best Sunday-go-to-meeting coat. I really thought for a moment our last hour had come, and that the facetious agent's joke about "signing our death warrants" would soon be a reality. Strange things come into one's mind in moments of danger. I remembered, in a flash, a story I had heard a few days before of a soldier who had been lost while in bathing off Schofield Barracks. A couple of weeks later a shark had been killed near by and in it were found some human bones and the soldier's identification tag. While floundering in the air pocket I thought: "Well, here's the finish I've always feared, but I don't like sharks. I haven't even an identification tag." However, we didn't land in the water, but the good ship steadied itself and landed at another airport on the Island of Maui.

AGAIN taking the air we soared over that beautiful land; over the city of Wailuku where President Waddoups pointed out the L. D. S. meeting house; then over Iao Valley—the "Yosemite of Hawaii;" again above the ocean with Lani, "the pineapple kingdom," to the left and a little later to the right the island of Molokai where the Kaulapapa leper settlement is located, and where modern methods of prevention and treatment have been applied by the government with gratifying results.

Now Oahu, the Island upon which Honolulu is located is dimly seen in the distance. Another slight pocket dip and then we fly over Diamond Head, the punchbowl (both remainders of ancient volcanoes) through beautiful Manoa, called the Valley of Rainbows, over Honolulu, Pearl Harbor, then into the airport, President Waddoups landing into the arms of his anxious family, I into a reverie the uppermost thought of which was that I had seen from the sky what Mark Twain called "the loveliest fleet of Islands that lies anchored in any ocean."

Aloha means Farewell to Thee
Aloha means Goodbye,
It means until we meet again
Beneath the tropic sky;
Aloha means Good morning
And always to be true,
But the best thing that Aloha means
Is I love you.

Antoine Ridgeway Ivins

[*Continued from page 451*]

into the every-day lives of its members that it of necessity must have officers who are men of practical experience. With this thought in mind, one can appreciate the method which prevails in the Church when any of the general authorities are to be chosen. One hundred years of history has demonstrated that the Lord can prepare men for positions which he desires them to occupy far better than they could possibly fit themselves if they sought the office.

Again it has been necessary to fill a vacancy in one of the general quorums of the Church, caused by the death of President Rey L. Pratt of the First Council of Seventy; and Antoine Ridgeway Ivins has been called to the place. He is the type of man the Church membership will be delighted to sustain as one of their officers—practical, hard-headed, industrious, and with a spirituality which is ingrained in his nature—qualities he inherited from his ancestors on both sides of the house; and to these qualities he has added an excellent modern education.

ELDER IVINS was born May 11, 1881, at St. George, Utah, the son of President Anthony W. Ivins and Elizabeth Snow Ivins, and in June, 1912, married Vilate Romney, the ceremony being performed in the Salt Lake Temple.

Not only does he succeed the late President Pratt in the council of the Seventies, but also as the president of the Mexican mission, a position he is admirably adapted to fill, as he has spent many years of his life in Mexico, knows the habits of the people, and has a thorough knowledge of the language. It is fortunate for the Church that a man has been found who can so creditably fill this place. Like his father, he is a natural leader of men, but their natures are such that they would never seek ecclesiastical leadership.

The new President Ivins, again like his father, is a passionate lover of the great outdoors. He is an expert horseman and loves all forms of livestock, and knows more about them than the average man who makes his living from these things.

His early education was received in Mexico, and he is a graduate of the Juarez Academy. Later he attended the school of Jurisprudence in the City of Mexico for three years, and afterwards studied law at Ann Arbor, Michigan. He is also a graduate of the University of Utah, taking a Bachelor of Arts degree in engineering.

BY natural inclination, he has always chosen pursuits which have brought him into close contact with nature. For several years he operated a large ranch in the vicinity of Enterprise, Utah, and for two years was superintendent of farming operations of the boys at the Lund school in Centerville, Utah. On May 2, 1921, Elder Ivins was set apart by his father to labor as a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands, where he has since labored, his especial assignment being to manage the Laie Sugar Plantation on the Island of Oahu, Hawaii. This plantation surrounds the temple erected there by the Church and is one of the most delightful spots on those scenic islands. On the same date his wife, Vilate Romney Ivins, was set apart as a missionary by the late Charles W. Penrose to labor as a missionary with her husband.

Additional Internal Evidence of the Authenticity of the Book of Mormon

By

I. B. BALL

II

IT will be necessary now to turn to a consideration of earthquakes, in order that we may compare these phenomena with Book of Mormon references thereto, to note if our parallelism holds here also.

Professor E. J. Houston has a chapter entitled, "Some of the Phenomena of Earthquakes."[1] He describes six phenomena, to wit: 1. Violent shaking of the earth's crust. 2. A great variety of sounds and noises. 3. Fire and smoke from fissures that have been rent in the ground. 4. Tidal waves on the coast. 5. Great loss of life. 6. Great changes in the earth's surface.

The Book of Mormon account of the fateful calamities, recorded in III Nephi, remarkably parallels these specific characteristics of earthquakes as here set down by a careful student of earth science. If the parallel is striking when one reads merely the above list, the fuller description by professor Houston cannot fail to be truly impressive.

DISCUSSING these phenomena of earthquakes in the same order as mentioned above and omitting his reference to violent shaking of the earth's crust, since that is well enough known by readers everywhere, he writes as follows:

"After the actual quaking of the earth the most wonderful and impressive thing is the great variety of sounds and noises. These occur not only while the earth waves are passing through the crust at any place, but also long before the principal shocks reach the place as well as long after they have passed.

"Among some of the more interesting phenomena are the fire and smoke that are seen to come out of fissures that have been rent in the ground. It is possible that in many cases these flashes of fire are in reality produced by the electric discharges that momentarily light the clouds of dust thrown up out of the fissure. But sometimes true flames are seen escaping from the fissure. This was the case during the earthquake of Lisbon, 1755, when fire burst through fissures at several places; burning with a lambent flame for some hours.

"Mallet asserts that in many cases the clouds of smoke observed do not consist of true smoke like that produced when wood and vegetable matters are incompletely burned, but is only ordinary air mixed with sulphurous acid gas and various other gases.

"Tidal waves as at Callao, Peru, 1687, Lisbon, 1755, Japan, 1854.

"Great loss of life. As a rule great earthquake shocks cause a very large loss of life, as for instance:

"Lisbon 60,000, Morocco 40,000, Calabria 50,000, Syria (A. D. 19 and 526) 120,000, Syria (later) 50,000, Antioch, 602 A. D., 60,000, Antioch, 526 A. D., 250,000, Alexandria, 365 A. D., 60,000, Messina, 1692, 74,000, Messina, 1908, 100,000, Japan, 1731, 100,000, Japan, 1923, 200,000, Quito, 1797, 40,000, India, 893, 180,000, India, 1737, 300,000, Assam, India, 1897, 150,000, etc.

A part of the city of Uncas, Machu Picchu, perched a-top of the Andes mountains.

[1]E. J. Houston, "The Atmosphere," chapter 24.

IN commenting on the loss of life by earthquakes, Mallet says: 'Such are the numbers to be met with in the narratives, and if we suppose that there occurs one great earthquake in every three years over the whole earth, and that this involves the entombment of only ten thousand human beings, and that such has been the economy of our system for the last four thousand years we shall have a number representing above thirteen millions of people thus suddenly swallowed up, with countless other bodies of animals of every lower order.'

"Great changes in the earth's surface features. Necessarily the progress of a great earthquake wave will produce great changes in the earth's surface features: for example landslides, where immense layers of clay or other material slip or slide to a lower level and are thrown across the course of a river, causing its waters to be dammed up and then by spreading to form a great lake.

"Permanent changes of level are frequently caused by earthquakes as for example the coast of Chile during the earthquake of 1822, when the coast for many miles was raised from three to four feet above its former level.

"In other cases the level of the ground is permanently lowered. This occurred in the Bengal earthquake in 1762, when an area of some sixty square miles suddenly sank.

"In some cases of a change in level of the ground, large areas are raised in one place and lowered in another, rivers take new courses and their old courses are completely obliterated."

GOING back to the very beginning of Professor Houston's remarks, it will be noted that he prominently mentions sounds and noises as among the six common phenomena that accompany earthquakes. And Henri Fabre,[2] the French naturalist and popular author, asserts:

"Earthquakes are often preceded by subterranean noises announcing the catastrophe to come. First, there is the dull rumble that reminds one of distant thunder, swelling in volume, then diminishing, then swelling, again, as if some storm were beginning to break far beneath the earth's surface. At this sound, so full of mysterious menace, everyone falls silent, mute with fear, and every face turns pale.

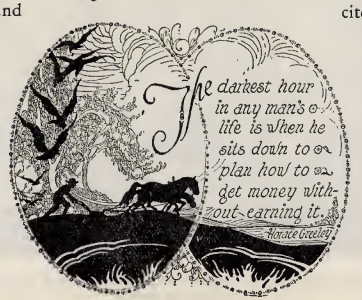
"Warned by their instincts the very animals are seized with alarm; dogs howl with terror, and the plow horse appears to brace himself by planting his hoofs farther apart. Meanwhile the noise increases, and one seems to hear a long line of wagons, heavily laden with old iron, rumbling over a hollow roadway of brass, while a whole battery of cannon is discharged. And then the ground trembles, rises and falls, whirls round, opens, and a frightful abyss yawns before the terrified observers. In the presence of such scenes, the stoutest heart is panic-stricken."

[2]Henri Fabre, "This Earth of Ours."

Compare all this with the short phrases of the Book of Mormon: "The earth did tremble, and the rocks did * * * rend, and [there were] dreadful groanings * * * and tumultuous noises." The harmony in the two accounts is self-evident. And if "in the presence of such scenes the stoutest heart is panic-stricken," then there is little wonder that we read in the III Nephi's record of "the mourning, and the weeping, and the wailing of the people."

REFERRING now to the vapors and smoke mentioned by Professor Houston in the foregoing, I should like to try to reinforce what he has to say and to add some data on darkness sometimes attending earthquakes. This because the darkness is a very prominent part of the record, lasting three days, thus fulfilling the prophecy which especially had mentioned this phenomena. It is referred to as "thick darkness, insomuch that the inhabitants * * * could feel the vapor of darkness." And again, "the vapor of smoke overpowered" many people, and "the vapor of darkness," was of such a nature that "there could be no light, because of the darkness, neither candle, neither torch, neither could there be kindled any fire with their exceeding fine wood, so that there could not be any light at all."

[3]"Volcanoes and Earthquakes," by G. Hartwig.



Here then, in brief, we have described a thick darkness having three peculiar attributes: it could be felt, it overpowered many human beings, and it would not support combustion, that is, nothing would burn in it. Let it be noted carefully, however, that this darkness settled down only after the first three hours of destruction. (III Nephi 8:19.)

A noted authority, Dr. G. Hartwig,[3] discusses gases and vapors that emanate from vents in the surface of the earth. He says that carbonic acid gas and carburetted hydrogen are two gases that often proceed from the earth's crust at various places. The former, he says, comes forth in incredible quantities in certain regions. Now, as is well known, carbonic acid gas will not support combustion, and is hard to breathe. He continues, "A light dipped in carbonic acid gas is immediately extinguished and every animal inhaling it is liable to instant suffocation."

Now since these gases are known to emanate from crevices and hollows in the earth's crust at many places, it naturally follows, of course, that any earthquake may conceivably loose them to spread over the face of the land thereabouts. And it would seem fair, tentatively, to contend that some such thing as this is what happened at the time of the three days of darkness among the Nephites.

TWO further references to the presence of darkness as a concomitant of earthquakes may be cited. They are from Hobb's interesting book, "Some Great Earthquakes Described."

Of the Lisbon catastrophy he says, "The day was almost immediately turned into night, owing to the thickness of the dust from the shaken city.

And in chapter ten, Hobbs, in speaking of the American quake, states: "The earthquake shocks which in the winter of 1811-12 in the United States produced the 'sunk country,' along the lower Mississippi river, were felt through the

eastern portion of the U. S. and as far west as exploration had gone. * * * And it was especially worthy of note because of the sulphurous gases emitted. About two o'clock in the night of December 16, 1811, there came a severe earth shock accompanied by a noise that resembled loud and near thunder * * * and this was followed in a moment by saturation of the atmosphere with sulphurous vapor. The vapor has been described in connection with subsequent shocks as of a purplish hue and resembling smoke. * * * Between December 16, 1811, and March 16, 1812, no less than 1874 shocks were recorded. * * * At about four o'clock in the afternoon of February seventh * * * [the shock] was accompanied by a charge of sulphurous vapor in the atmosphere and an unusual darkness which greatly added to the terror of the people. * * * The emission of sulphurous vapors has often been mentioned in connection with earthquakes and doubtless usually results from the liberation of sulphuretted hydrogen. * * * The importance which such vapors acquire in connection with the New Madrid earthquake (New Madrid was the name then given to this part of the country) appears to be much greater than usual, but the abundance and agreement of testimony concerning the atmosphere after the hard shocks is convincing."

And a believer in the accuracy of the Book of Mormon would like to add that the abundance and agreement of the testimony concerning the atmosphere after the extremely hard shocks in 34 A. D. in Central and northern South America is also convincing. The emission of sulphurous vapors which have often been mentioned in connection with earthquakes, causing darkness and the appearance of smoke, and the emanation of carbonic acid gas that is known to proceed in incredible quantities from vents in the surface of the earth and that will extinguish any light that is dipped into it and may suffocate animal life—these, or comparable gases, were simply present in unwonted abundance at that time. Thus may all the phenomena of the darkness during these three days be satisfactorily explained in terms of well-known and verified events.

There are several authentic accounts of the opening of abysses and the swallowing up of towns and parts of cities therein. It will be well to present these now. First recall the words of the Book of Mormon, "Many great and notable cities were sunk." Mention is also made of the nine cities that were destroyed by sinking at this time.

AND now in this connection, attend to a description of the earthquake at Lisbon, Portugal, November 1, 1755. Henri Fabre[4] says: "The populous capital of Portugal, which no longer seemed to threaten, was engaged in its business and other concerns, when suddenly on November 1, 1755, there was heard underground a mighty noise like the continuous rolling of thunder; then the ground, violently shaken, seemed to whirl round, rise, and fall, and in a moment the city was nothing but a heap of ruins, and dead bodies. The population, still remaining, had sought a refuge from the fall of shattered buildings by huddling together on a broad quay running along the water front. All at once the quay was swallowed up by the waves, taking with it the terrified throng, together with the boats, and ships moored there. Not a single victim, not a scrap of wreckage, rose to the surface. An abyss had opened that had swallowed up the waters themselves, the quay, and the people; and then it had closed keeping them forever.

[5]III Nephi, 10.

"At the same time the sea, which had at first receded from the shore, returned, and piled up its waters to a depth of forty-eight feet above the usual level, hurling its furious waves over the town.

"To the conflagration that had started was added this tumultuous flood, and the greater part of what was not already destroyed disappeared. In sixty minutes sixty thousand people had perished.

"While this was taking place at Lisbon, and while the lofty mountains of Portugal were shaken to their foundations, so that they split open, and their summits broke off, the same frightful disturbance was making itself felt in northern Africa. Morocco, Fez, and Mequinez were overthrown, and a town of ten thousand inhabitants was swallowed up in an abyss that suddenly opened and as suddenly closed."

IN reading of this fearful destruction please especially keep in mind the disastrous sinking of the quay at Lisbon, and also the account of the town of ten thousand people in north Africa, that was "swallowed up in an abyss that suddenly opened and as suddenly closed." And with this narrative before you, read, if you will, the full account in III Nephi[5] and see for yourself the incidents therein that parallel the sinking of the quay at Lisbon and of the town of ten thousand. As we have mentioned before, it speaks of the "many great and notable cities that were sunk" and mentions by name the nine cities that were destroyed by sinking at this time.

The writer confesses to be one who has read these sacred accounts of the many cities that were sunk, and has often felt a disturbing sense of vague unreality in the laconic statements, though, of course, not doubting the records. But after the realistic narrative by Fabre just set before you, a sense of relieving reality can not be denied. The sacred records are found to be wondrously true to facts now well known to accurate observers and to students of this earth of ours and its sad cataclysmic history.

THERE is still another passage that may perhaps be illumined, namely the passage refer-

[*Continued on page 494*]

[4]Henri Fabre, "This Earth of Ours."

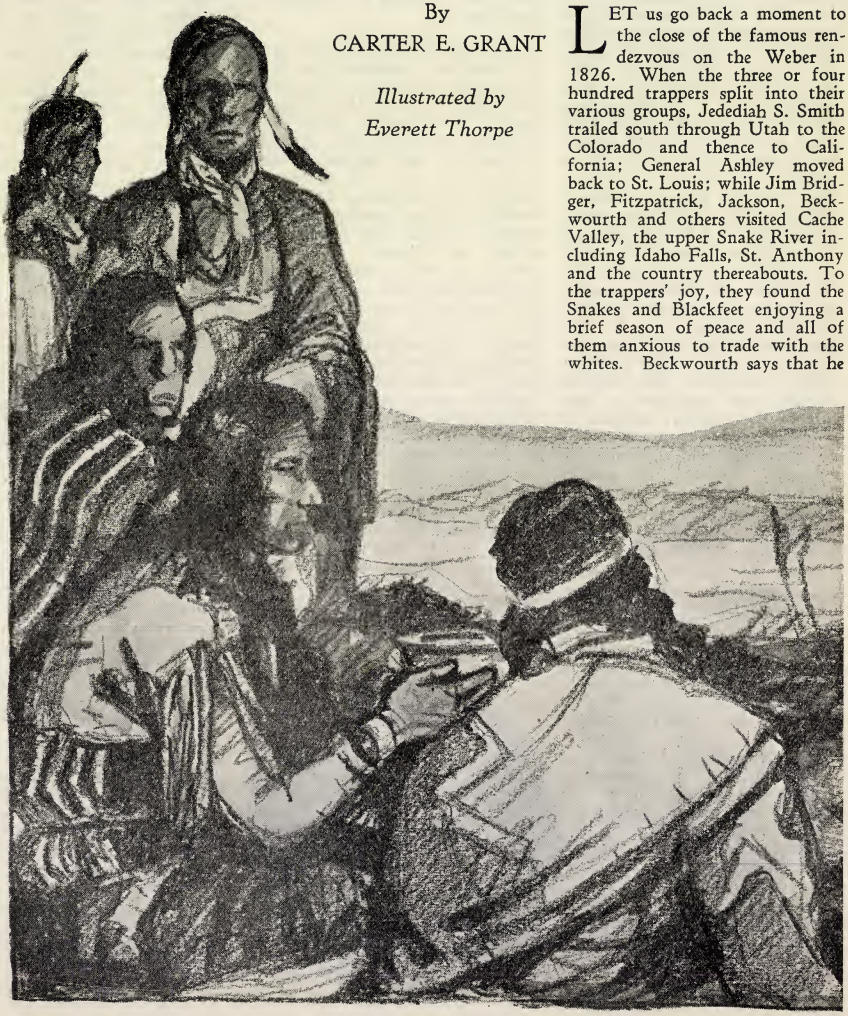
[*Note: This, the eighth of a series of frontier narratives written by Carter E. Grant, gives us much valuable information never before published in our L. D. S. Magazines. The former articles in the "Era" are: "In the Death Grip of a Grizzly;" "On the Trail Ahead of the Mormons;" "When Jed Met the Comanches;" "Jim Bridger Encounters the Red Men;" "The First White Man to View the Great Salt Lake;" "Again Bridger Fights the Indians;" "Bridger's Indian Wife Dies."—Editors.*]

Perils Encountered by Early Trappers

By
CARTER E. GRANT

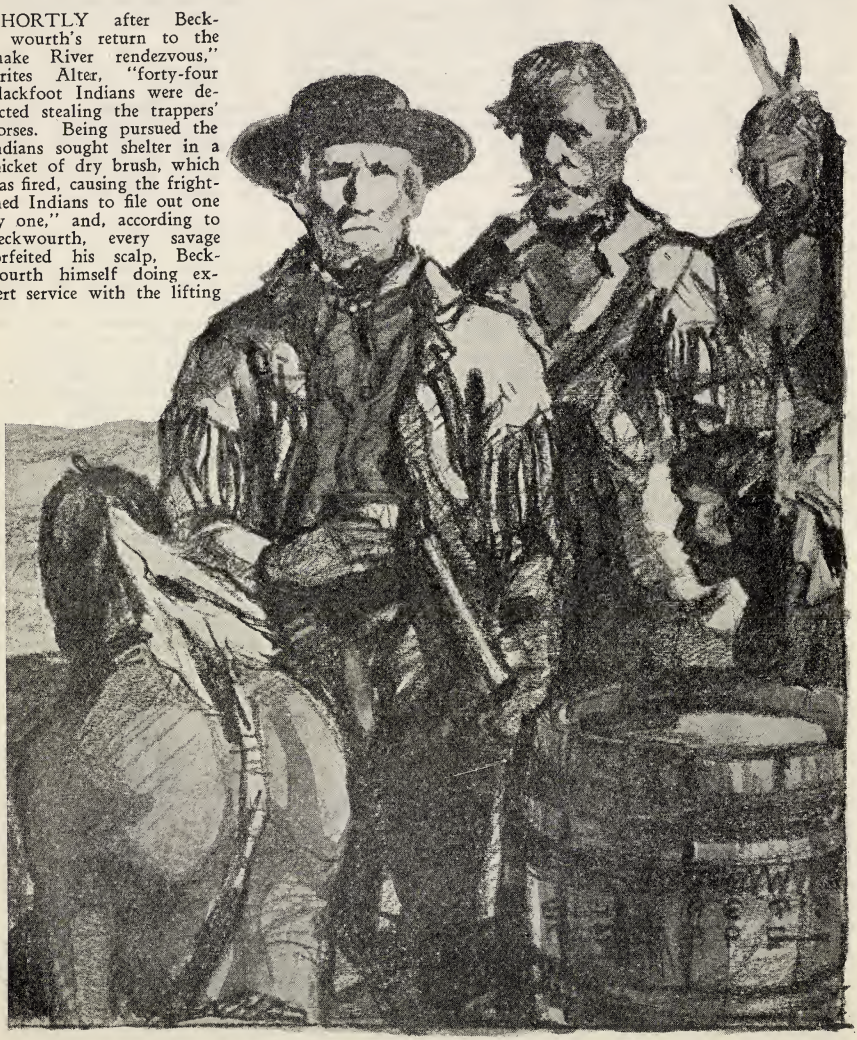
Illustrated by
Everett Thorpe

LET us go back a moment to the close of the famous rendezvous on the Weber in 1826. When the three or four hundred trappers split into their various groups, Jedediah S. Smith trailed south through Utah to the Colorado and thence to California; General Ashley moved back to St. Louis; while Jim Bridger, Fitzpatrick, Jackson, Beckwourth and others visited Cache Valley, the upper Snake River including Idaho Falls, St. Anthony and the country thereabouts. To the trappers' joy, they found the Snakes and Blackfeet enjoying a brief season of peace and all of them anxious to trade with the whites. Beckwourth says that he



was sent north forty or fifty miles into what is now Western Montana, northwest from the Yellowstone Park. Here he met unusual success, obtaining not only thirty-nine hundred pounds of fine beaver hides from the former blood-thirsty Blackfeet, but two more young wives as well, this addition making him three housekeepers.

SHORTLY after Beckwourth's return to the Snake River rendezvous," writes Alter, "forty-four Blackfoot Indians were detected stealing the trappers' horses. Being pursued the Indians sought shelter in a thicket of dry brush, which was fired, causing the frightened Indians to file out one by one," and, according to Beckwourth, every savage forfeited his scalp, Beckwourth himself doing expert service with the lifting knife. He next tells how he drifted out into the wilds one afternoon, and his quick ear caught sounds that at first he mistook for a beaver, but upon drawing nearer saw a red man stripped of his clothes, ridding himself of lice and other vermin. At his feet lay a splendid rifle and a highly colored robe, on his head, a scalp! A moment later and the bleeding form was deprived of all three, while the perpetrator mercilessly gloated in self justification at striking so fruitful a bargain. This treachery, nevertheless, soon proved costly enough, and had fewer than four or five hundred men been gathered at the rendezvous, more than likely all would have met complete annihilation; for at daybreak the next morning, twen-



ty-four hundred Blackfeet swooped down upon the stronghold. The men flew to arms and their expert marksmanship soon had the savages scurrying to safety, leaving one hundred sixty-seven dead and wounded in the hands of the whites. But what of the trappers? That afternoon Bridger directed the burial of fifteen of his companions, most of whom left their wives and children to the mercy of the wilderness. Oftimes, however, other men, taking pity on the widows took them into their lodges, even though they already owned a house keeper. The dead men on this occasion were not the only sufferers, for a number of women and children were killed and fifty or sixty trappers wounded. Surely some price for a rifle, scalp and blanket! Again the next day, during a minor conflict, "seventeen Indians bit the dust" and, incidentally, were left to bake in the summer sun, stripped of scalps and clothing.

WHEN the wounded were able to travel, the crowd moved in a body southward, thence through the mountains eastward toward Green River. While they were trading with the friendly Snakes, a tribe of Bannocks, who were in disrepute with the trappers over some previous trouble, appeared on the scene, and during an altercation the angry Bannocks killed a Snake Indian and wounded two trappers. Again there was war. The fearless Jim Bridger was chosen captain, and with horses made ready by the squaws, off he and his warriors sped, anxious for the fray, and such a host of rough, sharp-shooters, expert in wilderness maneuvering, pitted against a poorly prepared tribe as was this Bannock faction, was not likely to return empty-belted, nor did they.

The wily Bannocks, scenting a massacre, deserted their village and fled. Their tracks, nevertheless, were picked up and for forty-five miles the trappers pursued in hot haste, growing more angry at every mile. Upon seeing the swift approach of their enemy, the Indians, thinking to save themselves, hurried across to an Island in Green River.

"What shall we do now, Jim?" Beckwourth says Bridger asked him, for Beckwourth's name was also Jim.

"I will cross to the other side with one-half of the men," Beckwourth suggested, "and get abreast of the island. Their retreat will thus be cut off, and we can exterminate them in their trap."

"Go," said Bridger. "I will take them if they attempt to make this shore."

BECKWOURTH continues, "I was soon in position, and the enfilading commenced, and was continued until there was not one left of their sex of any age. We carried back four hundred and eighty-eight scalps, and, as we had supposed, annihilated the Punnack band. On our return, however, we found six or eight of their squaws, who had been left behind in the fight, whom we carried back and gave to the Snakes.

"On our informing the Snakes of what had taken place, they expressed great delight. 'Right!' they said. 'Punnacks very bad Indians.'" Then all hands joined in a hilarious and hideous scalp dance. Beckwourth leaves us to guess the feelings of the captive women during the procedure and their fate in the days that followed.

Thus were the various tribes well schooled in the white man's ways for some twenty odd years before the "Mormons" arrived on the scene. No doubt the Indians remembered the injustice heaped upon them when they commenced the "Walker Wars" six years after the arrival of the Pioneers.

BRIDGER and his men with their wives and children, moved up to Black Fork Creek into the very heart of the enemy country, the Blackfeet. "It was always our custom," says Beckwourth, "before turning out our horses in the morning, to send out spies to reconnoitre, and see if any Indians were lurking about to steal them. When preparing to move one morning from the last named creek, we sent out two men, but they had not proceeded twenty yards from our corral before a dozen shots were fired at them by a party of Blackfeet, bringing them from their horses severely wounded. In a moment the whole camp was in motion! The savages made a bold and desperate attempt to rush upon the wounded men and get their scalps, but we were on the ground in time to prevent this.

and drove them back, killing four of their number.

"The next day we were overtaken by the Snakes who were delighted at seeing the four black scalps from their foes the Blackfeet. When the Snakes were ready, we all moved on together for the head of the Green River, the Indians numbering six or seven thousand, including women and children; our number was nearly eight hundred altogether, forming quite a formidable little army, or, more properly, a moving city. The number of horses belonging to the whole camp was immense."

WHENEVER the Indians joined with the white trappers, they became subject to the orders of the White Chief who at this time was William L. Sublette. The whites had been organized and disciplined in military fashion by General William Ashley, and Sublette's men were divided into "messes" of eight or ten each, with a captain over the group. This captain was fully responsible for the behavior of his company; thus we read, "Every article in the equipment for each man or for his horses was charged to him in a book of records; and every change in personnel from day to day was reported to the captain. * * * Efficient service and strict obedience were required of every trapper. The guns were always kept in perfect order, and were often inspected carefully; a gun was never discharged in camp on any provocation short of an Indian fight." These men of necessity had to perform various camp activities and were required to become proficient at their tasks, for their lodges were visited and their outfits inspected regularly, "and if a crude piece of work was found, whether it was trap repairing, halter making, gun cleaning or knife sharpening, a neighbor was asked to do it, and a credit transferred from the delinquent to the more efficient one, of from one to ten dollars, on the company's books."

SINCE all fines were taken from the trapper's wages, each man, as well as his Indian wife, took pride "in making an acceptable report." One who has participated today in a camping trip, realizes somewhat that if Bridger, Sublette, Jackson, Fitzpatrick, or any other promotor anticipated profits from a huge body of hungry men, details, though trivial, must receive supervised attention, showing which "mess was eating its head off" and which carried margins of credit. Accordingly, any trapper drawing constantly upon the storehouse and seldom leaving furs for credit soon reached the end of his contract, and, once dismissed as an unprofitable servant, he became branded as a slacker, virtually ostracised, and found difficulty at getting a job with other managers. Therefore, sensing the stigma of being let out or specified as a hanger-on, the men kept diligently at their traps, searching for new fields, and doing their utmost to show credits on the monthly balance sheet.

The captain of each mess received the daily catch and credited each man accordingly. Supplies, other than fresh meat, mountain berries and various roots, ranged at astonishing prices, almost prohibitive for the common trader, for coffee, sugar, flour, etc., had to be carried more than a thousand miles on the backs of mules and horses, such caravans arriving but once a year.

IN "The Adventures of Oregon," by Skinnner, p. 181, we see depressing days of mid-winter; here appears Dorian, a half-breed Indian with his squaw and two children. The man was acting as guide on the Snake river for W. P. Hunt's explorers. I shall quote Skinner: "In the bleak and snowy dawn of the thirtieth, (December) the Sioux woman began to be in travail; and Hunt, divided between his sense of duty toward the expedition and his feelings of humanity, hesitated about taking up the day's march. Food was very scanty. Every hour of delay was dangerous. Dorian, too, urged him to go on. The party, therefore, pressed forward, while Dorian and his children remained with the woman. If Hunt cast an anxious look back at the lonely camp in the wilderness, he may have seen, through the falling snow, the figure of the half-breed bent over the fire close to that dark heap on the ground where his mate contended against the malign powers of cold and starvation for the life bound up in hers. On the following day Dorian tramped into camp, leading the skeleton horse which—perhaps with this emergency in mind—he had repeatedly refused to kill for food. On its back sat the Sioux woman with her newborn baby in her arms and her two-year-old boy dangling in a basket fastened to her body." A week later we read, "For two days the Over-

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A Real Hero

By
EVELYN WOOD

Illustrated by
Paul S. Clowes

I SIT on that vine covered porch looking at a glorious world. The sun is slipping softly into the golden west, and its pink and orange veils flutter gently in the evening breezes. As I turn I behold that the mother of light has cast her glory upon my friend. His back no longer seems bent, but straight, as it was of yore; his eyes have become brighter and the rows of wrinkles, each carved with meticulous care, in the glory of the setting sun are ironed flat against the swarthy brow. His skin resembles one who loves Nature's golds and browns and lives with them.

"Oh, tell me a story," I cry, "tell me of the days when your hair was golden and your arm was sure and strong."

A SATISFIED smile creeps over his face, and in a few moments an old young man's voice begins:

"It was a long time ago, my dear, many years before you chose to come to Adam's world, in the big city of London, far across the sea. London is essentially a city of dreams. Its youth burn with the desire to surmount the difficulties of life and bring glory to dear old England and themselves. Poor people, rich people, slums and palaces, fashionable parties and rows of beggars in squalid poverty, are all a part of this big city. It was in such a place that I had my dreams, my hopes, and my ambitions. Sixteen of these obscure but happy years were way behind me, as I marched onward, and toward the better things of life. All that I seemed to need was a chance, and one day on my way to market the opportunity came, but in a different form from the one that I had dreamed of. A man was struggling for life in the River Thames. All the odds seemed against him, for no one had as yet been able to battle these whirlpools and climb back to the shore. The sun had slipped behind a cloud. My future became indescribably blurred with the present. There was really not any time to consider it. Without a thought of the consequences I jumped into those surging waters, grabbed the man, larger than myself, and succeeded in bringing him to the bank in safety. This deed caused much comment through all

Too well did I know how hostile were our red friends, so I turned westward and rode stealthily away.

England, but it became much greater when, just two weeks later, I saved the life of the Honorable C. C. Clark of the Saint Paul's Church, in a near-by river. The Reverend Clark was very well known on the continent as well as in England, therefore this deed was brought to the attention of the queen who took a decided interest in the fair-haired lad who dared to match his strength with that of demon rivers. She had the affair rehearsed in the British Parliament, where in the presence of a full court and the Reverend Clark, the queen herself awarded me this small gold medal, fashioned when Rome was great, and held by the queens of England until it came into my possession.

By June, 1862, greater things than this had happened to me. I had found the true Church of God, and with it that greatest happiness of spirit. My next move, therefore, was to come to America and Zion. In the latter part of June I set sail from my native land and arrived in Salt Lake City in the early part of October. The following spring I was called by Brigham Young, who knew that I was unafraid and daring, to be a pony express rider; and since I had learned the Indian customs, their tribe leaders, and parts of their language, I welcomed the task.

"One very hot afternoon while I was riding in the sagebrush a band of Indians appeared in the distance. Too well did I know how hostile were our red friends, so I turned westward and rode stealthily away. In the distance was a small log house, seemingly deserted, so in a moment I had dismounted and opened the door. What a terrible sight! There on the floor lay a white man whom the Indians had scalped. A tomahawk pinned each shoulder to the floor, while six spear heads, like rows of buttons, adorned his vest and coat. The grey clouds of evening were beginning to gather and this was anything but a nice place to spend the night; but upon turning to ride away, another band of Indians completely surrounded me. There was no other choice, so I handed over my gun and submitted myself to their demands.

A satisfied smile creeps over his face, and in a few moments an old young man's voice begins.

My clothes were rudely torn from my back, and great heavy cords were tied securely around my arms and legs. I was then bound to an old tree stump in an upright position, and left by myself some thirty feet from the center of their camp. All the braves had formed in a circle on one side of the chief's teepee. There

were wild motions with their hands, then periods of silence, and angry mutterings before the verdict was finally reached. After the grave council had decreed my fate, they all rose up and went about their tasks as if totally unaware of my presence. In the distance I could hear the breaking of twigs, but did not know why they would have a fire on such a warm night as this. They were piling the wood and leaves high around a post which had been driven into the ground. On one side of the camp sat a young brave engaged in inspecting a newly-made tomahawk, while on the other side the women were making ready the dance instruments. There was much excitement in the air and some great mystery.

"As the stack of wood grew higher the question as to its purpose, became clear. I was being escorted to the top and bound to the post. Now began the "war dance"—seventeen braves going one way and seventeen the other, each carrying a torch, lighted. Down went their heads, bent were their backs, and now straight up again they came. Yells, shouts, and bloodcurdling cries, accompanied by the steady Tum-Tum-Tum of the music-makers excited the crowd of Indians into a frenzy. They stopped still. The appointed brave stepped forward from the circle. All eyes turned toward me.

UNTIL this time I had been rather amused at these very grotesque proceedings, but now the seriousness of my situation dawned upon me. This was my funeral pyre! My ceremony! I was going to die in this most cruel manner, a sacrifice to the heathen gods of revenge. What could I do! Then I recalled the words in my patriarchal blessing very clearly, saying that I should live to a good old age in Zion and be blessed with many children. Neither of these blessings had been fulfilled as yet. They were mine if I wanted them! I did not dare to surrender this life without a glorious struggle! The God who had promised me those blessings could save me for them! I closed my eyes and whispered a prayer for strength. The value of life seemed greater than it ever had before. A mighty peace came over my soul. This trust in an infinite power vanquished my fear, and filled my whole being with courage. I would live!

PATRIARCH GEO. W. LARKIN was a member of the Fifth ward of the Mount Ogden Stake of Zion before his death in 1927. He is remembered with great love and respect by those who were fortunate in knowing him. This information was given to me when a girl of fifteen, but under the strict command not to publish it until after his death. At the time he told me the story we sat on his front porch of the family home and he remarked afterward that he had never told that story with greater feeling than he had to me that afternoon.

"Steadily advancing up the piled wood came the young Indian brave. His step was slow and steady, his head erect and the firelight gleamed in those flashing black eyes. Hate, hate for the white man, and the desire for revenge that was a part of his whole life and that of his ancestors before him, smouldered in his breast! One strong hand held my scalplock. A quick shudder raced through my entire body. I was free! The power of the Lord was so great in me that the heavy cords fell in pieces from my hands and ankles. I drank in a deep breath of the precious air, and as he raised his other hand toward me, I struck him such a blow under the left ribs that he fell back many feet—helpless.

"Then silence, with me on top of a funeral pyre with my head upward thrown, muttering a prayer of thanksgiving to my God; every Indian on his knees. The flames from the huge bonfire seem to sanctify the space around us. Here, indeed, was 'holy ground' shut off from the cruel black night beyond the trees, I walked down from the pile of wood among them, and they called me the 'Spirit from the skies.' Yock came forward and bowed before me, and we walked toward his tent, while the braves followed close behind. A big circle was again formed, but I was included this time, and after they had smoked the long black peace pipe, I was given my pick of the Indian horses, but they told me 'not let White man kill Redman.'

"You see, my dear little girl, why it is that I am so sure that there is a 'Spirit in the skies?' It was the power of heaven that caused those cords to fall from my wrists and ankles. The strength of the Lord enabled me to knock an Indian twenty feet away with such force as to disable him. The glory is to God, that he protected me in such a marvelous manner and sent me on my way to deliver the mail that had been delayed all this time.

IT was just a year later that I was sent to the Mississippi river country to settle a dispute for Brigham Young. My brother went with me to look after some land interests, and he and some of the brethren were standing on the banks of the river talking, while I went to a neighboring farmhouse which was located not very far away. It seems that while he was speaking he stepped too near the edge, and part of the ground broke loose beneath his feet, throwing him backwards into these black, gurgling waters before those at his side were well aware of it. Anyone having seen the Mississippi river in the spring of the year, after the melting snows have added their part, might well realize the hopelessness of finding the body either dead or alive. From the nearby farmhouse I had heard the cry for help and in a few moments was on the bank. The brethren showed me where the body was last seen, but begged me not to risk my life, for the waters were so heavily laden with *mud* that one could not see two inches below the surface. My brother was so dear to me that nothing was too great a risk if there was a chance to save his life. Immediately I jumped into those thick mud waves, crawled along the bottom of the river until I could feel a body, brought it to the surface and then to the shore. Here we applied first aid and respiratory exercises until my brother was breathing again. This was the fourth person that I had saved from drowning in a deep river.

LIFE in the early days of Deseret, even to the everyday inhabitant was crowded with incidents which might have turned into real tragedy. So many things were left to our own judgment,

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"He dropped his hat on the ground beside him, and unfastened the neck of his shirt."

Fossil Fabric

By VILATE RAILE

Illustrated by Fielding K. Smith

THE old man braced his back against the tree trunk, and grasping his thigh together with the crotch of his wooden leg, thrust it forward, that his back might slide gradually down the tree. His bulky, withering form hit the earth with a thump, and the bones of his other leg creaked as he straightened it in front of him. "Purty much of a walk for a peg." He dropped his hat on the ground beside him, unfastened the neck of his shirt, and mopped his wet, dusty brow with an already moist bandana.

"Peter Stuyvesant," so dubbed more than sixty years before, when his appearance and disregard for handicap had suggested the likeness, was going home—yes, if he could make it—the home of his boyhood. None of the folks would be there, he was the last one. But the orchard, the swimming hole, the old cellar with the appley smell, the burned mill with its hiding places, and his dog—no, of course, Rex was gone—he was as foolish as Rip Van Winkle expecting things to be as they were; he was worse, he'd been gone three times as long as Rip. Anyhow it was home, and home's the only place to die.

THE Soldier's Home had served well these many years; the old cronies seemed like kin. He dared not tell them of his purpose: he knew they would try to dissuade him, and besides he couldn't tell them goodbye. He was breaking the rhythm, for they had fought together, lived together, told their stories to each other, mourned together at the passing of comrades; and even in death they were going to lie side by side. He wouldn't tell them that this was the one thing he couldn't do. They would not understand, but the day they buried Jim, and he had stood with bared head at the grave, he was sure, very sure he was going away for "that."

The labels on the grass had been springing up fast these last years. Very soon "they" would all be going "Over." He was going home. If the people of Darton would let him rest by his mother in their scraggly weed-grown cemetery, he'd be more comfortable. He had been an individual when a boy and he hoped to reclaim his identity.

Besides, folks would be glad to have an old Civil War Veteran live in Darton for a while, they might enjoy giving him a military

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The ANSWER

By
GENET BINGHAM DEE

Illustrated by
Paul S. Clowes

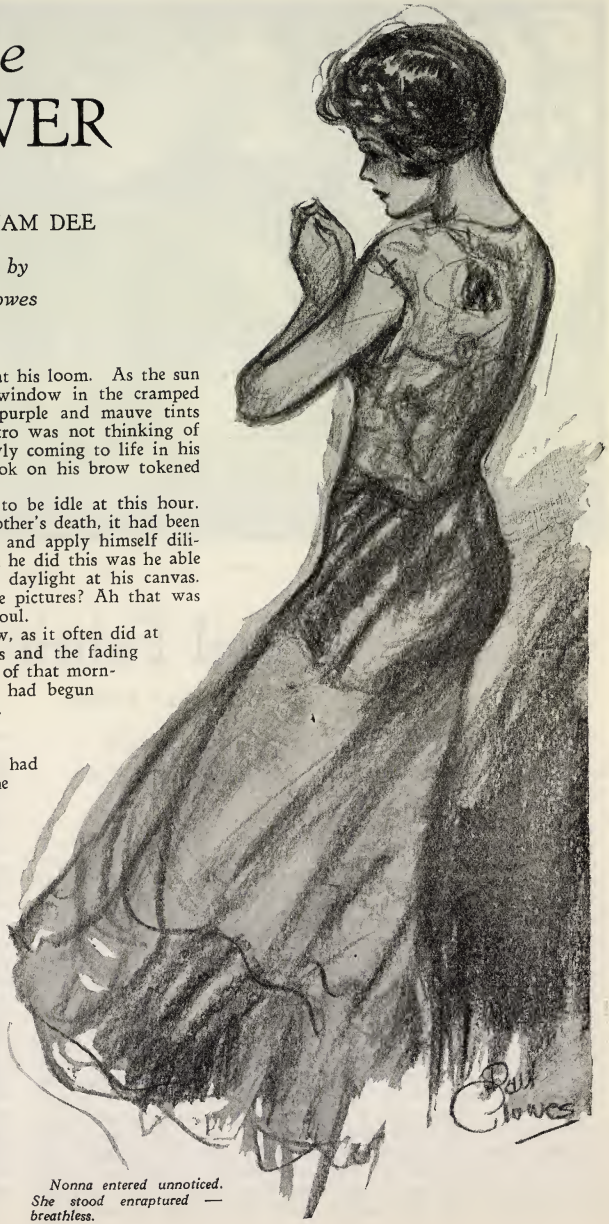
PIETRO sat idle at his loom. As the sun sank lower its rays found the window in the cramped attic room, and the gold and purple and mauve tints of the woof gleamed. But Pietro was not thinking of this, nor yet of the pattern slowly coming to life in his tapestry. No! That sinister look on his brow tokened other thoughts.

It was unusual for Pietro to be idle at this hour. For three years, ever since his mother's death, it had been his custom to arise before dawn and apply himself diligently to his loom. Only when he did this was he able to spend two precious hours of daylight at his canvas. The tapestries sold well, but the pictures? Ah that was a different story! They fed his soul.

It all came back to him now, as it often did at eventime with the long shadows and the fading of the bright day, all the sorrow of that morning three years ago. That day had begun the forging of his chains of toil.

FOR two years he had feasted his passion for art at the great school at Milan. The days had seemed all too few for the great adventure. His mother had sent him there after his father's death, he protesting a little, because he knew there was no money for art school. There had always been too little for the bare necessities, for there was a debt to be paid. He couldn't remember when he did not know about this debt. He had never known what it was, how it came, merely that it hung over their household like a weighted thing, like something dark, shutting out the light pleasures that came into the lives of other boys, even poor boys, for most of his friends knew want.

But he had been able to forget all this in his new joy. The



Nonna entered unnoticed. She stood enraptured — breathless.

He turned to his easel. He tried to call once more the vision of beauty which had vanished with interruption, but all in vain.

lesson with the master—the master with the big understanding in his heart! The art galleries! Did he ever dream of such a feast! For he had a pulsing passion for beauty, almost deeper than life itself. He walked through them breathless, trembling, fearful lest he should waken and find them unreal, vanished! He drank so deeply that he forgot to wonder how his mother was finding the money, but then life holds so many thrills when one is twenty. Then, too, he still remembered how she looked when she said to him, "At last it has come true, the dream!"

AND then had come the news, black upon swift, dazzling white, that his mother was ill. He must come at once! And even the "at once" had been too late. He passed his hands over his eyes, to brush away the picture of how she had looked when he saw her, so thin and worn and old, she who was not old. It was the child, Nonna, as his mother always called her, who went in with Pietro, slipping up and putting her arm through his. She had a mothering way, although little more than a child herself, for she was two years younger than he.

"Pietro," she had said softly, "forgive—if you'd rather be alone, but I—Pietro—I was with her at the last. It was her wish—she gave—she told last words for you—She said, 'Nonna, Nonna—do not let him—do not let him give up his painting'!"

PIETRO remembered today too well how the words had stung him into full realization of the price he had let her pay. From that moment a hardness had been born in his heart, a hardness against a world and the God of a world who would allow such injustice. And against his hardened heart the prayers of the Padre echoed up a mockery in his ears. The hard thoughts had grown until scorn and hate were beginning to trace their patterns on features where beauty had bestowed much. —"As if all of that were not

enough," his bitter thoughts ran, "Old Vixen with his demands—the debt!" He understood now what the debt was, and for honor's sake had chained himself down to pay it, chained himself like a galley slave, his dogged efforts food for deepening hate. It was in his pictures alone that he found relief. The three hours he stole for his canvas daily lifted him into another world. He was not the same man as he worked himself gradually into the mood for creating beauty. And today he had to admit that he was finding it harder and harder to bridge himself away from his sordid thoughts into the realm of beauty, and today for the first time he had failed to try. He had not even left the bench of his loom, but worked feverishly on, trying thus to shut out the thought that perhaps he was losing it—his gift! Since early childhood his mother had called it his gift from God. He realized now how in her heart she had cherished it. Among her things he had found the letter from his master in Milan, brief, for the master was a man of few words, "Pietro has the great gift. With application he will become a famous painter." Memory brought a smile of scorn that was not pleasant to see, nor the fierce hate that burned in his dark eyes as he sat before the idle loom. It was as if all his sorrows, which he had striven all day to banish, working faster and faster, thumping the heavy beam of the loom until its klang echoed back from the sloping ceiling, were now swooping down upon him, like cowardly things, to strike even deeper with the coming of darkness.

"Pietro! Pietro!" Nonna burst into the room breathless. "I—I have good news for you. All the way from the village I have run—the Padre told me! The Padre—he had it from the Queen's Commissioner himself— Pietro!— the Queen! the Queen! has offered a grand reward—ten thousand lire! —to the artist who will paint the best picture of the Holy Madonna."

SHE hesitated—then as she looked at his face impassive still—his brow still dark with scowling, "Oh Pietro, you are not as you used to be. Pietro, won't you try? You will win, Pietro, I know you will! You paint such lovely ladies. When I heard, I just had to come—Think only! Ten thousand lire!—" Suddenly she lowered her eyes and began pulling at the fringe of her bright orange shawl, but though she hid the telltale fire in her black eyes, the color had already mantled her slender throat, and made her pale cheeks to bloom like ripe pomegranates. He too glanced down for an instant; for since that night, almost a year ago, when in the moonshadows of the huge date palm beneath his window, he had whispered words of love, holding her close, then thrust her from him with bitter words, because he was chained to his debt, he had seen almost nothing of her. And she used to come so often, so often, to watch him weave, sometimes even bringing her lace with her and humming little snatches of song, as she used to do for his mother. She would never know —and he would not add to her pain by telling her—how desolate —how empty her going had left him. For an instant he feasted his eyes on her sensitive face. Her dismay swept through him. His resolves forgotten, he rushed to her, took her trembling hands in his, and kissed them. "I thank you, Nonna! I thank you!" But not a promise! Nor the look of a promise! And to hide her tears she fled from the room, down the rickety stairs back to her lace making, sparing only a glance of prayer to the face of the Blessed Madonna.

THE echo of Nonna's footsteps had scarce died from the room when the Padre entered.

"Pietro," he began, then hesitated, pressing his lips tightly together, then opening them with a little click, "Pietro, I was paying a visit to the little shoemaker in the room below, and although I fear I am not a welcome guest, my duty brings me here.—It is of the child, Nonna, I would speak.—Her father forbids, but alas! one cannot forbid love to break her heart—why only last week I stepped into her father's house—early evening. It was growing a little dark. She was so wrapt she did not hear me enter. There she stood before the picture of the Blessed Madonna, the one you sent her from Milan —imploring, pouring out her love for you—tears in her eyes—murmuring something about the little Jesus. Tonight I saw her here. You are not worthy—do you even pray, I ask? Do you?" And he raised his voice in anger as Pietro made no answer. "And the church —have you once darkened its door since the day of your mother's burial?"

Pietro stood for a long interval quite still, anger blazing in his deep eyes. Then came words—hard words—scoffing words in a scoffing voice: "You! You!" and he pointed his long, slender finger menacingly—"To prate about churchings —what do you— A world and the God of a world—poor people wandering the streets of great cities this very night—hungry—eating food fit only for dogs—if there is a God, why does he not put in the hearts of the rich—the hard. A loving God? My mother—"

"Silence, blasphemy, scoffer! I'll hear no more—" And the Padre strode angrily from the room.

ALL that night Pietro did not sleep. Sorrow, hate, anger at the Padre—his love for Nonna —yes, most of all, his love for Nonna. How he loved her! Her pure soul! Her joy in beauty was even as his. Would he, could he try to win the prize for her sake? But to paint a Madonna? His heart was not right. Ah, in calm moments he knew all too well his heart was not right. He tossed and turned on his hard couch. But when the first faint streaks of dawn crept over the hills, he was already at his loom, pale, but with a different feeling in his heart, a

bright determined look on his face. He would try! He would win! Pay the debt; And he and Nonna —And with the thought a kind of peace crept into his soul.

AT mid-day when the shadow of the old gray date palm fell straight and clean cut across the center of the roof below his garret window, he poured water from the cracked brown stone jug into a wooden cask, hastily washed his hands, and standing to rest his back, swallowed a few mouthfuls of black bread, washing it down with sips of water from an odd shaped skin bag. Then sticking his brushes into the long pocket of his leathern apron, he began to study his palette and the white canvas before him. The light was best at noon. He would start at once. For a long time he stood thus and every little while he would murmur: "I must start at once," but something seemed to hold him back. Finally he began to sketch playfully, trying to coax the mood—little light strokes—a gypsy dancing with her waving scarf, figures from a frieze he had left half finished at Milan. It would come. It must come, the urge. Too well he knew that it must come from within, for the painter who would paint without the fingers of his soul, paints but the shadow of things, without the color of life. Why, O why must it be the Madonna? But he quickly barred the thoughts which this entrained. The beginning made, it would be easier—the beginning now—for Nonna's sake—Ah now he had it, he would go to Nonna, tell her he had decided—that in sooth he was going to win. That would hearten him—he and Nonna—and he hugged closer the little flicker of hope born in the night and it grew and blossomed so that a smile warmed his pale face as he hurried down the winding lane into the village main road.

Here he met Nonna's father, a strong man, who had been his father's friend. Today, however, he returned but gruffly Pietro's greeting, stood hesitant behind half friendly looks, finally spoke his mind: "Pietro, we have long been friends. Your father was to me as one of my own kinsmen, but the Padre tells me that since your return from the great city ungodly thoughts fill your mind. I know that your visage is often clouded. Frowns token evil thoughts, Pietro. In sooth they are the dark shadows of the tree of evil—I—"

Pietro waited to hear no more. Fierce anger surged and welled up within his heart. He turned to go, more desolate than ever before to fight again his dark desires, lighted only here and there with the great love he had for Nonna.

SUDDENLY his face lighted with a fiery resolve. He would show him, Nonna's father —the Padre! He would show them all with their pratings and churchings. How madly he would work! He would win that prize—snatch Nonna away from them. She would defy her father—find a way. Her love was above will! And he hugged to his heart the beautiful image, the story he had read yesterday in her dark eyes, when she had rushed to him all breathless.

Just as he turned into the bylane leading home, he was hailed by a youth from the village, a boy about his own age: "Hey, Pietro, you have lost your fish—dangling your line too loose. Nonna has a new suitor—a man with money —one the Padre approves."

He scorned to answer, but hurried back to his garret. Inside he began to pace the floor in deep thought, then hastily seated himself before the canvas and began to ply his tools, using the utmost care in every stroke. The determination that showed in his face guided his hand. Hour after hour he worked, forgetful of time, forgetful of his loom and the promised tapestry. And when the light began to wane, he took his meagre meal and went out and sat under the date palm, as was his nightly custom, to watch the shadows die in thoughtful silence.

SLIGHTLY rested, his mind calmed, he went in to his weaving. Far into the night he worked, but even then he did not make the length he had set himself for a daily measure. Weary and heavy at heart he threw himself upon his couch. When sleep finally came it was dream-troubled —old Vixen throwing him into prison, taking his loom—He awakened early, but not refreshed, yet determination drove him back to his work. It was a difficult pattern, a special order. With the price he would pay an extra installment on the debt, take the first step toward freedom since his mother's death. In twenty days it must be in Milan. It had been a short time order. He had taken it trusting to the vigor of youth, the abuses to the body that "twenty" may store up for "fifty" to pay. And the prize? But twelve days remained. The Padre had known it long, but had not told him. It was only by chance that Nonna had learned it.

The days passed and though he was weary in body, his will urged him on until he managed the daily grind, first at the weaving, then two hours at the canvas with often a stolen one or more, always robbing sleep of time snatched from the tapestry.

ONE day when he sat painting, hours after he should have been at his loom, Nonna slipped in. Her father had gone to the neighboring village for the day. Pietro recognized her step, but did not turn, kept right on mixing his colors, until she touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Oh, I knew—I knew you would! And you will win too, Pietro! The Blessed Madonna bring thee azure tints like the noon-day sky in the cool depths of the Arno, delicate tints like the cheeks of my little sister, Dusa, when she runs up both flights, and deep, dark shadows like the date palm casts in our well at twilight."

"Ah, little one," he said laugh-

[*Continued on page 490*]

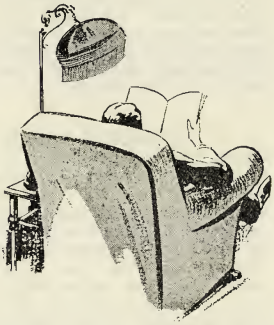
"The Era in Every Home"

By LOUIS LOCHER, JR.

A *COUP SUR!* At all events! *Unbedingt!* Or what have you? What reader of the *Era* would hesitate to utter such concurrent rejoinders! I for *one,* and an enthusiastic subscriber to the magazine, feel that it is an excellent slogan to motivate any mass desire to promote spiritual and intellectual growth. In fact I believe that, though I had the tongue of Demosthenes, or the pen of Shakespeare, I could not more forcefully or more effectually impress and accomplish any means of furthering the spiritual and intellectual progress of a people, than by the simply worded appeal of the slogan which serves as title for this article.

I hope it hits the bull's-eye, and fulfills its own ambition through the efforts of the readers and promoters of the magazine; for indeed no home, at least no Latter-day Saint home, should be without the *Era,* just as none should be *sans* Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price. In every "Mormon" family there should be—and this is hoping there IS—at least one member who is as eager about having the *Improvement Era* among the periodicals that the postman brings from time to time, as the famous S. E. P.. or Colliers, or Good Housekeeping, or any other magazine.

PRIMARILY the official organ of the Priesthood quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the *Era,* in addition, is a magazine which, by virtue of its contents, cannot fail to intensify one's interest in, stimulate one's yearning for greater understanding of, and greatly enlighten one upon, such ever attracting, alluring subjects as science, history, the arts, and other kindred human endeavors. Inversely speaking, one good glance at its physical production from a standpoint of what is in keeping with 20th century progress, and a mere *coup d'oeil* at the titles and



captions, leave alone the actual reading, of the *Era's* articles and editorials, shows unmistakable evidence of the taste, culture, intelligence, and progressiveness as well as the spirituality of the men and women that comprise the three-quarter million "Mormons."

THE publication, so far as reading matter, food for thought, or "gainableness"—if you'll pardon my coining of the word—is concerned, is second to none of any existing publications for intellectual advancement. To me it would seem that any "outsider" who may still be obsessed with the ridiculously false opinion that the "Mormons" who, as we all know, have in times past, been described by those of the most eccentric type of ignoramuses, as looking somewhat short of human, as being wicked, low and ignorant, would only have to pick up a copy of the *Era,* and study it, to have any unreasonable notions and misconceptions at once driven from his mind—to find his hearsay impression of dishonesty, lowliness and stupidity metamorphose into the clear and unmistakable impression of honesty, high culture and intelligence.

I like the "new dress" of the *Era*—don't you? I esteem its apt and resourceful editors and directors. I take my hat off to its contributors. Being somewhat of a —wait a moment; if you promise not to tell others, even if it does make you laugh, I'll say the word —writer (that's a joke on me) as well as an omniverous reader, I have a fair idea as to the comparative editorial value of the *Era,* or as to its standing in the categorization among current literature.

TODAY is Sunday, and I found myself repeatedly reading from the last issue of the *Era,* snatching, not very unlike a hungry bird who pecks away at crumbs of food, bits of information now here, now there. Indeed, I do not confine myself to recent issues but re-read old numbers—now a paragraph from Dr. Merrill's "The Earth and Life in It;" now reading for a second time (because it's profound, and worth re-reading for absorption, and to challenge one's own speculative thinking and reasoning) from Milton Bennion's "A Spiritual Philosophy of Life." I haven't forgoten the delightful football "yarn"—"Little Runt;" and how inspiring was the account of "The World Scout Jamboree," by the capable leader of courageous, modern youth, Oscar . . . may I just add, the Great; for we all know him. Then how interesting and how conducive to a desire to pack up and start out upon a little journey to the sacred spots described in "From the Green Mountains to the Rockies," by another of our leaders of L. D. S. youth, Elder John D. Giles.

I don't know whether you, my fellow readers of the *Era,* are as enthusiastic over, as delighted with, the *Improvement Era* as I am. But I say—What a feast! What an ideal means of adding to one's intellectual storehouse, of gaining spiritual food. May I, of necessity, make a personal reference in supplementing what I just said two or three lines previous?

WE as Latter-day Saints are impressed with the significance of our four standard works of the Church—are more or less educated to, or conscious of, the importance of our task of seeing to it that we

[*Continued on page 493*]

Glancing Through

Summaries of Outstanding Magazines Articles*

By

ELSIE T. BRANDLEY

Exit the Gospel of Work

(A NEW PHILOSOPHY FOR A NEW ERA)

By HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD in *Harper's* for April, 1931

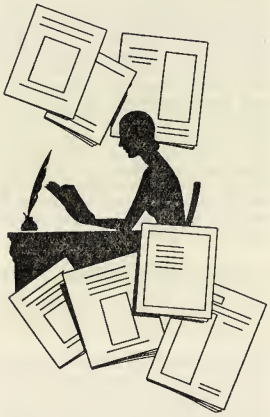
HOW familiar to our ears are the slogans of the Gospel of Work! "If any would not work, neither should he eat!" "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." "Work that keeps faith sweet and strong," etc.

For time immemorial work has been glorified in song and story, while essay and biography have proclaimed it to be a sure means to personal success and social esteem. It has been regarded as a universal panacea—"the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that beset mankind."

Yet in this year of unemployment, 1931, the one explanation of business depression, of the collapse of the stock market, of international friction, is "overproduction"—and this is really the tangible consequence of too much work. There must be something wrong. The fact is that the usual attitude toward work must be modified to meet modern conditions!

For years the chief occupation of man was getting a living, and the bare task of keeping body and soul together engrossed his time and energy, there being a direct relationship between the amount of work he did and his chance of survival. But within the past fifty years man finds himself swamped with the output of his own competent productive mechanism. Traditional values seem all awry; there is a new freedom—freedom from the incessant task of making a living—freedom to *live!* But as yet we don't know what to do with this freedom. We have not yet learned how to stop working. We still regard increased production as a worthy end in itself. The people of the western world have been thoroughly trained to think of themselves as producers rather than consumers. The whole defense of the tariff is the necessity of cherishing and fostering the productive interests of the country.

Another significant case in point is the business man's attitude toward



wages which until recently he has regarded as an item in the cost of production rather than in the power of consumption. As a matter of fact, the present economic situation is more properly called a period of underconsumption than over-production. This change of attitude is necessary before we can even begin to reap the advantages of our new freedom.

Hand in hand with admiration for work has gone condemnation of idleness, westerners especially regarding it as a vice, and enacting numerous laws to penalize it. Proposals for the shortening of the workmen's day have been opposed as yielding too much leisure, too much demoralizing time for idleness. Spare time has been regarded as dangerous—something to be done away with.

What is needed is a little revolution in some of these basic philosophies. We must have a new philosophy of *work*—must learn that consumption is the only justification and guide of production; that work should go hand in hand with enjoyment. Work is a means to an end—although naturally work carries with it many valuable by-products—high disciplinary values, intense personal satisfaction and the realization of strength in meeting success or failure. But for these, work must be voluntary, purposeful, intelligent and self-directed.

We must have a new philosophy of *thrift*—must learn that saving is for the purpose of providing against want and dependence in old age—not for more investments to make more money to invest more recklessly.

We must, most emphatically, substitute for our present philosophy of idleness a sound and comprehensive philosophy of *leisure time*—must realize that time spent in healthful, happy enjoyment is the most worthwhile. Leisure must be more than idleness—it must mean the opportunity for those pursuits which contribute to the enlargement of personal growth. Many of these activities will bear the outward semblance of work—gardening, amateur photography, cabinet-making—the distinction resting not on what is done, but on why it is done.

We must have a new philosophy of *education*—one which teaches us not merely to think but to live.

And when all this is done, we will find that work, in the old sense of drudgery, will be gone. Many tasks will be performed by machinery and others will have lost their connection with work, for as already observed, the distinction between work and play is not what is done, and how, but to what extent and for what purpose. Almost everything done by some as work is done by others as recreation, and there is the possibility of wiping out the distinction altogether, leaving people free for creative activities. Type may be set, clothes made, furniture built and gardens planted in the same spirit as now pictures are painted, songs sung and doilies embroidered—for the delight of doing them and the expression of personality. The men of the future will devote themselves to their pursuits in this spirit!

Porch-climbers—a National Pest

By LAWRENCE CONRAD, from the *Forum* for April, 1931

ONE of the factors tending to change the American home is the reversal of the national attitude toward answering the front door. Our parents welcomed a knock or ring with courtesy, alacrity, and hospitality, while we answer suspiciously, knowing that in place of the guest of a generation ago we are more than likely

*By permission of publishers.

to face merely another porch-climber.

It may be a young man working his way through college, an old one with a daughter to support, or simply someone bringing you the compliments of a brush or liniment company—but in each case you know that his appearance is no casual occurrence; and smart as you may be, you are no match for the caller. He knows your habits and has prepared his speech adequately to meet all your objections. When he gets what he came for, he will go on to the next house.

Every home in America knows this problem—and it is well-nigh impossible to know how to meet it, for new means of attack are constantly being planned. Some porch-climbers come in uniform, some wear badges, many call you by name, and some call themselves inspectors, to get inside the house. Of course, you could call the police, but no crime has been committed, and you must meet the situation alone—this situation which is spreading a sort of terror over the land.

You are expected to be glad to see such a person, for he appears to be so courteous. "Here I am," he says in effect. "I've come to serve you—to sell you such and such a thing." You know he has called upon your neighbors. You do not want to seem more severe than they. He has done nothing worse than interrupt your work, and it is not his fault that he is the third in one morning. To scold would prolong the interruption, so, though thoroughly exasperated, you are decent to him. He has counted on this—on your generosity, your courtesy, your devotion to your home, your fear of the neighbors, your natural kindliness. And he is playing the game inside your boundary lines, and he has this hold on you. To you he is nothing—just a regular occurrence standing on your porch with nothing to hide or protect or fear. He is a sort of combination of mendicant, blackmailer, and browbeater, and he knows that as you stand upon your own threshold, you will be sincere.

Porch-climbers generally appeal to women, who are in charge of household expenses, and less adept in the art of turning down opportunities. He calls them by name, and they are courteous and hospitable, and once having greeted him as though he were their husbands' cousin, cannot turn on him a moment later and call him a viper—so although the baby may be in the bath, a cake in the oven and the whole household at a crisis, they stand and listen—and he knows that the busier they are, the more likely he is to sell what he has and get it over.

The thing basically wrong with this condition is that it makes a place of business out of the home, which it should not be. "Our company," the young man on the porch says proudly, "Does not sell through stores," and he proceeds to make your threshold a store, giving you no choice. And the average householder is too polite to make the obvious retort.

We wonder what to do. We dread these porch-climbers. We regret their existence. Surely there is some weapon against this pestilence.

There is only one thing to do, and that is to announce sweetly and kindly, as a household policy, "We do not buy anything at the door. This is not a place of business." You may have to say it with variations and with force; you may have to have it printed on a card to hand out to agents. You may have to shut the door rather forcibly, for the porch-climber has counted on using your home as a sample room, and he has counted on your being courteous about it. If you fail him, he will be dreadfully disappointed in you, but you will have succeeded in repelling the organized assault against the privacy of your home!

Time Stands Still for Food

By WAINRIGHT EVANS, from *World's Work* for March, 1931

THIS unusual article tells interesting facts concerning forward steps which have been taken in the line of food-preservation—of products quickly-frozen by a new method which "promises, within the next decade, to work profound changes in the food habits, living standards and health of the American people." The foods, frozen solid, are in neat packages, and sold from an electrically refrigerated showcase in which a plainly visible thermometer registers 10 above zero.

During the writer's period of observation sirloin steaks, stiff, odorless and completely edible because all waste is discarded before the packing is done, were sold, needing no further preparation for cooking and costing no more than an ordinary steak would cost, bought from a butcher shop. Chickens, clean, sanitary and hard as steel were ready for broiling, with no fuss. Raspberries, frozen the year before, but red as red, bounced "like balls of colored ice" when poured from box to dish. The fragrance of raspberries was lacking, as was the flavor, at first bite, but at mouth-temperature the berry melted in the mouth and the taste was delicious. "A short exposure to room temperature gave the berries the softness, the aroma and the distinct flavor normal to them."

Frozen peas, thawed out at room temperature, had the taste and smell of new spring peas, fresh-picked. Spinach, fresh, frozen and with no sand in it, "came from its box like coiled green chips" the preparation for serving to consist simply of dumping it into a kettle where the cooking would require only half the usual time of fresh spinach, for "the freezing has already broken down its cell structure, somewhat."

Strawberries, loganberries, cherries, asparagus, lima beans, lamb, pork, ham, beef, veal, sausage, liver, fowl and several kinds of fish are now prepared in this sanitary, inexpensive manner, with every indication that only such foods as lettuce, bananas and celery will prove unsuitable for freezing. The writer predicts that within a period of about five years the sale of frozen foods will have become nation-wide, eliminating the consideration of seasons in foods, as well as most of the work of cleaning and preparing it. "There is promise of fulfilment, in short, of what has seemed a far-fetched dream of science—to freeze practically all perishable foods, store them at low temperatures like so much hardware, hold them in that state of timeless, frozen immobility, and use them months or years later with their flavor and quality unimpaired." Past methods of freezing have made this impossible, due to the destructive process which, freezing the water in the food-cells (at a temperature of from 25 to 31 degrees), have formed crystals which have broken the tissues and destroyed the flavor and consistency of the foods. Quick-freezing is a process by which the food is frozen at a much lower temperature and in too short a time to permit the forming of crystals.

The fact that scientific tests prove that this method has no ill effect on the vitamines is significant, as there will be made possible the year-round consumption of practically all foods abundant in vitamines. This advantage, the release from much kitchen drudgery and the saving of great amounts of perishable foods now lost are three of the vital aspects of the new industry. Oversupply of one season can be frozen and held for another less productive one, supply and prices of foods thereby becoming more stabilized than at present. Before this condition can exist, there must be built a colossal system of storage and refrigeration. The distributors must be taught the proper care of the foods and the housewives the handling of it.

The process, known, after its inventor) as the Birdseye method, freezes foods after they have been packed, eliminating the necessity for post-freezing handling. The patent was sold to what is now known as the General Foods Corporation, and this company "is engaged in the experimental marketing of Birdseye frozen foods in Springfield, and in working out a system for national distribution which will finally put frozen fruits, vegetables, meats and fish on every American dinner table that wants them. And American dinner tables are apt to want them very much."

FOODS *for* HEALTH

By ADAH R. NAYLOR

Planning Meals

WE have all read "Acres of Diamonds," that interesting story of a man who went out in search of riches with a diamond mine in his own yard. Many are the ways we can apply the moral of this tale to our own experiences. How often the average housekeeper disturbed by the daily question of "What shall we eat?" goes exploring in search of something new and different, wasting time and money, when "Acres of diamonds" in the form of *common* foods are to be had at home within her reach.

"What shall we eat?" properly analyzed is "What can I feed my family that will satisfy their *appetites*, give them proper *nourishment* and at the same time keep me within my *food budget?* Of course one must be prepared to do real cooking. Good health, happiness and economy will not abide in any home where last minute meals are continually served.

THERE is no part of housekeeping that is as intriguing as the preparation of meals, providing it is done with *forethought* and *knowledge*. Concocting new dishes —trying out new methods—new combinations—seeing how much the food budget can be cut and still nourish and satisfy. All these problems call for ingenuity, planning and some knowledge of hygienic dietary. The ability to take the "common" *vegetables*, the *dairy products* and *fruits* in season and from them prepare a delicious meal is something that should be acquired by every person responsible for the feeding of a family, as the simple dishes done to perfection always make the greatest appeal and are also the most economical.

MANY are rather bewildered by all that is being said and written on the subject of diet. The terms, *vitamines, proteins, balanced meals*, etc., are confusing and make one feel that a vast amount of information must be had in order to understand the subject, when the fact of the matter is that the fundamentals are very simple and easily understood.

The main things to remember is that an *ordinary mixed* diet which contains a sufficient amount of the *natural foods* has proven to be the most desirable diet for the normal, healthy, individual.

The range of *natural foods* is a very broad one. All the fruits, vegetables, grains and dairy products come under this heading, and it is around this group that all wholesome meals are planned.

Concentrated Foods

ALL highly seasoned, highly flavored and highly refined food should be used sparingly or better still omitted entirely from family meals, as children should not be allowed to acquire a perverted appetite. All concentrated foods and condiments injure the natural taste, whereas the simpler foods increase the faculty of taste. Where bad food habits have been formed one may gradually simplify the diet until the natural taste and appetite for health-giving food is restored. Normal hunger and appetite are two very different things. Some one has said that, "the body can never be hungry for a pickle; it can only be excited by it."

Natural Foods

VEGETABLES and fruits head the list of natural foods. From them we get our *vitamines* and *mineral salts*, and because of the *cellulose* they contain they are also our best laxative foods. This *cellulose* is the fiber of the vegetable or fruit and being indigestible material it furnishes bulk or roughage—an essential aid to elimination. But it must be remembered that vegetables (with the exception of peas, beans and lentils) are low in proteins and

therefore should be served with foods that are rich in this tissue building element.

The *cereals* belong to the carbohydrate group of foods. They create heat and energy for the body and in their natural state also furnish roughage, but many of the *prepared* cereals placed on the market have, through milling and polishing, lost their chief value and in no manner resemble the food provided by nature. When buying we should be sure to get products in which a large part of the original grain has been retained. Brown or unpolished rice should always be used, and when white bread is eaten some of the germ portion of the cereal should be had in some other form.

Milk is a food as well as a beverage. It contains *fat, carbohydrate, protein, minerals, vitamines* and water. All children should be given a liberal amount of milk daily, but because of the lack of other elements a child may become anæmic if so much milk is taken that other foods are not desired. Some children dislike to drink milk, but it can always be supplied them in the form of milk soups, milk sauces and gravies, puddings and ice cream.

[*Continued on page 500*]

The Rose

By Grace Ingles Frost

I WONDER how God called it into being,
How fashioned He its petals with such care!
Why gave He to its heart a golden seeming
And placed his most ethereal perfume there.

From that same loom which wove the gossamer pinions
Of fragile moth and dainty butterfly,
Was it brought forth? And was it given fragrance
From breath elysian breezes wafted by?

Where garnered He such rare, exquisite atoms
From which a form so lovely to compose?
Of all the flowers He placed within the garden
The loveliest expression is the rose!

Wasatch Mountains

By Virginia Nielson

I HAD forgotten
How deeply you, with sharpened crags,
Have pierced the softly yielding sky;
How white is streaked adown your dress
Of blue, like wisps of tattered rags;
How age-grown strength and beauty cry
In stillness from your bosoms—yes,
I had forgotten.

I had forgotten
How cruelly deep and with what pain
Your harsh, unlovely contour, bare,
May bruise a soul too softened with
An easeful undulating plain
As smoothly fashioned, gently fair,
As some soft-shadowed, ancient myth—
I had forgotten.

Success

By Alpha J. Taylor

HE has achieved the greatest success,
Who has laughed the most and lived the best,
Who can see in the dawn of each new day,
A ray of hope to guide the way.
Who smilingly conquers each sorrow and strife
And learns the art of living life.
Who seeks to master the law of being
By good and truth in others seeing.
A symbol of God to speak his creed—
A flower, a tree or a kindly deed.

He has indeed achieved success
Who has learned the law of happiness.
Who can greet with a smile each rising sun
And master his thoughts 'til day is done.

Westerner's Heaven

By Arthur T. Jolliffe

BOLD Viking breed
Of saga and story,
Keep ye your meed
Of Valhalla's glory!
Long may that hall
In Asgard's bright regions
Ring to the *"Skaal!"*
Of warrior legions.
Guerdon of the hero-dead—Odin's shining maids,
Wassail-bowl and battle-song and clash of flying blades!

Sing not the praise
Of elysian mountains,
Laurel wood-ways,
And nymph-haunted fountains . .
Isles of the blest
Past the sunset's portal;
Goal of the quest
Of dreams immortal—
Hellas, Not for me repose in thy slumbrous hours,
Amaranth and asphodel and scarlet passion-flowers!

Give me but these
For my soul's treasure—
Wind in the trees
Harping a measure . . .
Westerner's land! . . .
The canyon brooks flowing;
Gray rock and sand;
The purple sage blowing;
Mountains diademmed with snow, tall against the skies—
Grant me these, O gracious God, for a paradise!

The Moon-Bow

By Linda S. Fletcher

MIST, the River-Spirit,
Ghost-like rises up,
Tryst to keep with the ascetic, Night;
But the Moon espies her
(Ne'er a wooer wiser)
Subtle smile o'erspreads his features bright.

White chiffon her draperies—
Night so calmly cold;
Moon-kiss warms her to a radiant glow.
Eyes raised to her lover,
Smiling there above her,—
Mortals see with awe the rare moon-bow.

Summer

By L. E. Flack

OH, summer time is calling me;
It leads to fields afar,
Where clover blooms are bursting white.
And sweet wild roses are.

Where moss is wet upon the bank
With early morning dew,
And through the trees there comes the gleam
Of morning sun anew.

Where water splashes o'er the rocks
In lilting melodies,
And fragile lady-slippers hide
Beneath the willow trees.

Oh, golden land of summer time,
I love your skies of blue;
I love to ramble through your woods
When sunbeams kiss the dew.

Expectant Valley

By Vesta P. Crawford

EAGER, girdled, crag-crowned, longing hand,
Loved by the sun and the sage and the gull;
Ribboned by loops of a blue-bowed stream,
Bosomed in mist of a far lake's gleam!

Wide, waiting, mountain-walled, and still;
Blended tones in gray and mauve and pearl,
Draped and hung in silver summer haze,
Long-sought valley in the cloak of summer days!

Weary, trial-worn travelers came
To a sage-brush land of little rain;
But they knew it for their own and said:
"Harvests shall come to him who sows:
The desert shall blossom as a rose."

Love's Light

By Christie Lund

ONCE I dreamed of a great light
That should come to me . . .
To lead my feet in honor's way
Where all might see.

I dreamed of walking proudly
In the paths of fame . . .
Glory seemed a wondrous thing . . .
Until . . . you came.

Henceforth I shall walk content
O'er-shadowed by your name,
Knowing the light of hearthside fire
And candle flame.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

And They Also Worship

ONE of the general authorities of the Church asked recently why persons who furnish music numbers in our services so frequently withdraw from the meeting as soon as they have rendered their part of the program. The query led to an observation, and it will have to be admitted that oftener than otherwise, these persons do leave the meeting before the services are finished. There is the common reason that their services are asked for and promised in two or more places for one meeting time and in order not to disappoint one congregation they must sing and get away. Desirable as is their offering and unselfish their service, the practice results in a disturbance in both instances. Frequently they must upset a program that has been planned thoughtfully, with careful attention given to continuity and sequence, and their offering becomes merely a performance instead of what it was planned to be, an integral part of the service, where, if given as programmed, it would enrich the whole service.

The second appointment is made late, the whole meeting is disturbed by this tardy entrance of the performers, and here again the whole program must be upset to accommodate, and the spirit and continuity of the meeting destroyed. One is tempted to ask if the result really warrants the effort? Credit is due singers and players who are sincerely desirous of contributing something to the worship of the Saints, and they are entitled to our gratitude for their willingness. Such unselfish people do much good.

But looking at the matter from the larger viewpoint of genuine worship, getting behind the purpose of coming together for worship, is it not possible for the musicians who are kind enough to give and to take part in a service to bring their offering in such a manner as to make of it truly an item of worship? It is, and this is what should be done. If they would do only two things much of useless and unnecessary disturbance would be eliminated, and they would make their part of the service more enjoyable, and remove much cause for criticism. If they would enter the meeting on time and in the spirit of the occasion, and would do their part where it is planned to have it in the program and then remain till the dismissal, they would fit into the atmosphere of worship to say the least, and the people and the Priesthood would feel that they had some interest in worshipping God on their own account. Of course, it is recognized that there are occasions when exception must be made, but it is safe to venture that more frequently than otherwise the procedure is the result of carelessness and thoughtlessness.

If the service of worship is to be in the highest degree effective and beneficial everything as far as possible that is foreign to the occasion, that is extraneous and artificial, and above all, disturbing, must be kept out. If the musicians of the Church will give this consideration and think it over, not as musicians, but as Latter-day Saints who are for the time being worshipping with their offering of music, much calm and meditation and peaceful reverence can be brought into our services, which now in the very zeal of our good intention we rob the people of. They also worship who play and sing, for the Lord has said so; the best we can give, in the best way we can give it, at the best time—that is our privilege.

In this connection also a word of warning should be offered relative to the matter of making use of our services for concertizing—for entertainment, instead of worship, a practice which is growing and which must be viewed with concern by one who understands the purpose of our Sacrament meeting.

THE attached letter explains itself. Since it was written we have been advised by the officers of the Relief Society that the "L. D. S. Hymns" has been adopted as the official song book for the Relief Societies of the Church.

Why not contact the Relief Society officers of your ward? Should they be able to use twenty-five song books and the ward proper seventy-five, we shall be glad to put the Relief Society name on twenty-five books and the name of the ward on the seventy-five, all for the $75.00 per hundred price.

Ask the Relief Society to cooperate with you for a new supply of song books for your ward.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE.

May 4, 1931

Dear Bishop:

It is the endeavor of the Church Music Committee to do all that can possibly be done to help you improve and increase the interest in the Sacrament and other meetings for the adult congregations of the Church. Under special appointment by the First Presidency this committee prepared a new hymn book containing 491 hymns. Many of these are old favorites. about 100 were specially written for this book and are among the best that have ever been offered. You were familiar with the old "Songs of Zion." The new book contains nearly twice as many songs as that book did.

In making visits to the various wards and stakes it has been ascertained that very, very few of the wards have anywhere near an adequate number of hymn books. Some have none of the new edition either for their choirs or their congregations. Because of this fact and in order to introduce the new hymn book (25,000 of which have thus far been sold) we have arranged with the Deseret Book Company to give you a special concession during the summer months. It is this: Make a survey of the books you need, send in your order (accompanied by the cash) and the books will be furnished to you as follows: Twenty-five books with the name of the ward stamped on each book, $22.50 postpaid. Fifty books for $40.00. One hundred, however, for $75.00.

Now compare this with the price of the "Songs of Zion," which sold at 75c each or $9.00 per dozen. Recall that this is a better made book, having nearly twice as many songs and is just what you need to make the singing of your congregation what you would like it to be and as interesting as it can be for those who participate. This offer is good only during May, June and July, at the expiration of which time it will be withdrawn. Make arrangements in some way to raise the money and send your order in now for such quantity of these books as you can use in your ward.

With all kind regards and hoping that steps can be taken now to supply the wards of the Church sufficient books to insure general participation in the singing, we are,

Very sincerely, your brethren.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE.
MELVIN J. BALLARD
Chairman

BESIDES theology, music is the only art capable of affording peace and joy of the heart like that induced by the study of the science of divinity. The proof of this is that the Devil, the originator of sorrowful anxieties and restless troubles, flees before the sound of music almost as much as he does before the Word of God. This is why the prophets preferred music before all the other arts, proclaiming the Word in psalms and hymns.

My heart, which is full to overflowing, has often been solaced and refreshed by music when sick and weary.—Martin Luther.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Victory

A TRUMPET call to noble living is the new painting, "Victory," by Professor Paul Wildhaber. This noted artist will be locally remembered from his former production, "The Armor of Righteousness," a cut of which was shown in the March *Era*. "Victory" may be considered a richer development of the same inspiring ideal—having for its theme youthful lives guided safely past the yawning chasms of degradation and death, onward and upward along the way of life and light to glorious triumphant victory.

The central figure is a youth in shining armor, radiant in valiant virtue and the power of a pure life. He rides protected by the magic *shield of faith*, the *helmet of salvation* and the *breastplate of righteousness*. The pledge of his whole life to service and sacrifice is symbolized by the cross upon the shield which shelters him. In his right hand is uplifted the gleaming sword of the *Spirit of the Lord*, flashing its call to arms to all true-hearted youths who have the courage and the might to follow. The richness of his armor and the coats-of-arms he displays betoken his high lineage, a birth entitling him to leadership in the noblest endeavors.

THE guidance of a higher power is typified by the angel in the clouds above him. The youth has heard the clarion call of his trumpet, and has seen his finger pointing the way unerringly past all perils and pitfalls, past the treacherous attractions of seductive temptations, and the evils lurking there, up the path of beauty and virtue and peace suggested by the flowers and the innocent child and the lamb and lion in perfect concord, to the Holy City of Light in all its brilliant splendor—the highest attainment of complete and abundant happiness.

Now that he has seen the glories ahead, the enlightened youth turns to signal his glad message to others. At his inspired call they come from all directions to form a noble army. "Hark! the trumpet. Heroes rally!
Sounds the war cry of the free;
Lo they swarm from hill and valley,
Loyal sons of Liberty."

("The Battle Hymn of Israel," by Orson F. Whitney).

A poetic touch of symbolism is the stump of the olive tree in the foreground, which always stands for the House of Israel. Though the older branches have been lopped off, it is again beginning to send forth young and tender branches, reaching up toward the light, while the branches which grew toward the fitful flames of evil are now dead and broken off.

WHAT interesting thoughts the artist must have had while watching this painting with its marvelous message take shape under his hands is happily told in his own words.

"It is my hope to give to every living person in all the world the same feeling of peace and reverence which came over me when I first saw the way up to the Holy City of Mount Zion. The architecture in its mystic splendor rising out of beds of flowers to crown the lofty eminence has no earthly counterpart. From the beginning of my work I have had a desire to represent this holy city, and only I know how hard I had to fight—without sword or shield—that this work might be brought to completion.

"When I see the youthful knight on the white charger, I feel it is a great privilege for me that I may march forward with this glorious army. I have never met the dangers of war on the battle front, but I have gone through spiritual conflict, and I have had to fight with an unseen

power which was determined to hinder me in this work. Only my closest friends know how near I came leaving the work unfinished. But through their encouragement the thoughts that inspired me have been given tangible form. As I look upon Moroni, the angel of the restoration, I am given a testimony that there is life eternal.

"I am willing to be an instrument and develop the talents God gave me to illustrate these appealing principles, that even a little child may understand. In the youth of today there is power, if they are properly guided, and if they keep away from the hungry beasts of evil who would devour them, and I would like to march shoulder to shoulder with them, and derive full satisfaction from life. This same happiness I wish to all."

The New Priesthood Movement

AT a meeting held in the Assembly Hall on April 4, 1931, **an announcement** was made that should be of great interest to parents, to all young men between the ages of 12 and 20, and to all who are interested in the welfare of these young men. This plan has been adopted after a careful survey of study, training and activities conducted through the Aaronic Priesthood quorums, the Sunday Schools, and the M. I. A., and is offered by the leaders of these organizations to those concerned or those who should be concerned with this work.

This plan provides for a complete census of each ward, giving a record of all young men of the ages mentioned, showing their Church activities. (The survey required by the General Sunday School Union, if completed, will give this information). It provides for a monthly meeting at which the bishopric, ward Priesthood supervisors, Sunday School teachers of the departments affected, Scout leaders, Vanguard and "M" Men leaders are expected to be present. At this meeting this survey will be discussed, plans carefully made and adopted which will provide for a personal labor with each individual who is inactive.

At the next meeting, the record will again be carefully reviewed, together with the results obtained during the month. If a re-arrangement of assignments is necessary, that should be done. Otherwise, the first assignment will continue until each individual who holds the Priesthood will be taking part in at least one of these organizations, the objective being to have him become active in all three organizations.

So organized in the spirit of love and tolerance it should not be difficult to encourage such young men to take part and finally become enthusiastic about the work. The responsibility of the various organizations will be as follows:

1. Through Quorums.
   Training members in the spirit and responsibility of Priesthood.
   Testing their knowledge of Gospel essentials and their observance of commandments.
   Assignment of duties and performance of ordinances.
   Social and fraternal activities:
   - Promoting mutual welfare.
   - Developing quorum identity.
   - Honoring parents and home.
   - Stimulating brotherhood.
2. Through Sunday Schools.
   Principles and ordinances of the Gospel, Church history and doctrine.
3. Through Y. M. M. I. A.
   Proper application of Gospel principles to personal habits and conduct:
   - Promoting physical welfare and moral standards.
   - Mental and character development.
   - Social relationships.
   - Vocational guidance and civic responsibility.
   - Recreation and culture.
   - Leisure time guidance.
4. Through Department of Education.
   Week-day Bible, Church history and Gospel study and Church activity.

A complete outline of this work and plan of operation has been forwarded to all stake and ward officers, and it is hoped they will receive it with the same feeling of hope and adopt it with the spirit of determination that has been manifest by those who have been instrumental in bringing about this united plan.

Sincerely your brethren,
The Presiding Bishopric.

Spirit of Mormonism

Extracts from remarks of George Q. Cannon at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple

I TESTIFY that God has accepted this House. His angels will come into this place and will be seen, and their presence will be felt. * * * It is a blessed feeling to be invited and to be willing to forgive one another. It adds to the dignity of a man humbly to confess his sins and seek forgiveness, it does not humiliate him. * * * There is not as much difficulty in getting the inhabitants of the spirit world to accept the Gospel as we have here on earth. * * * There are greater blessing awaiting us, but God in his infinite mercy withholds them until we are prepared for them. There is danger lest we should be lifted up because of our gifts. * * * We will administer punishment to the men who mock and deride us: and what will be our revenge? We will be baptized for them, and redeem them. We will heap coals of fire upon their heads. What happiness is there in committing sin? Is it not better to be in communion with the Holy Spirit? * * * A people like this, gathered from all nations of the earth, will comprehend in our labors entire nations. There are but few of us, but we represent a vast number of the families of the earth. Hence the anxiety there is on the other side of the veil in regard to us. Streams of blood from a thousand different sources may concentrate in one man or one woman, and that man or woman be the representative of thousands of souls. * * * There is no sweeter joy ever received by a human soul than that experienced in the labor for the redemption of the dead. * * * God has taught us that there is hope for every soul that has not committed the unpardonable sin. The best doctrine to preach is repentance. It is attended by better fruits than to preach about the mysteries of the kingdom, and dreams and visions. This is the beginning of the work that is to bind Satan, and that day is near at hand. Many among us live above certain temptations, and Satan is already bound to that extent. This House will from now on be kept sacred. We want it to be a place of holiness, not a curiosity shop.

MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

General Superintendency
Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency
Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

June Conference Calls M. I. A. Workers

Convention of Unusual Importance and Interest Will Convene in Salt Lake City June 11, 12, 13 and 14

BY the time this issue of the *Improvement Era* reaches the M. I. A. workers in the stakes and wards, plans for the 1931 June Conference will have been completed. We are to celebrate one of the most gratifying years in the history of M. I. A. and to inaugurate what gives promise of being not only the most successful but also the most momentous year of our career.

This conference is of unusual importance. Possibly never before have plans been so carefully made in advance. Never before have M. I. A. publications for executives and the various departments been prepared so early. Never before has there been promise of so much of inspiration and helpfulness for M. I. A. workers.

The responsibility of the M. I. A. increases from year to year. The young people, whose leisure we are asked to employ advantageously, are being subjected to more and greater temptations. The forces of evil are more alert. The pitfalls are becoming more numerous. The challenge to our leadership and influence is more forceful and significant.

The M. I. A. must accept this challenge. We must rise to our responsibilities. We must supply the leadership—our young people will follow into paths of truth and righteousness. We must spiritualize our activities and employ the spirit of the Gospel to preserve our youth.

The June conference this year is to be a spiritual feast. It is to be a recreational festival. It will be a convention of the leisure-time leadership of the Church. Every department will offer something indispensable to the fullest success of the year ahead. Every M. I. A. officer who can make provision to attend should consider it a great privilege. Executives, committee workers, class leaders and all others connected with M. I. A. in any capacity will find the 1931 June conference helpful to a marked degree.

The following forecast of the program is commended to your careful attention:

An Institute for activity leaders at which education through demonstration will be given in "A" Standards in music, drama, dancing, speech, story-telling; also other features of interest to recreation leaders.

An Institute for Bee-Keepers where many of the fascinating activities of the Bee-Hive girls will be presented.

General Sessions for stake and ward officers from all parts of the Church including the missions. In these will be given inspirational addresses on timely topics which no one can afford to miss. Special consideration will also be given to the campaign launched by the auxiliary organizations to promote the observance of the Word of Wisdom and especially to eliminate the use of tobacco by the members of the Church.

Department Meetings in which the detailed programs for the year 1931-32 will be discussed.

An Exhibit of unusual attraction depicting the benefits derived from the observance of the Word of Wisdom. This is to be patterned after the one given by the European Missions in Dresden, Germany, in the summer of 1930, which continued for several months and which was visited by more than a million and a half people from many nations.

The Ever-Popular Excursion to Saltair which will lure thousands of M. I. A. and Primary workers. Preparations are under way to make of the excursion this year a real festival. In addition to the contest dance which is always a lovely culmination of a lovely activity, there will be other demonstrations and all will be colored by the spirit of sociability which only the M. I. A. can produce.

A Utah Pioneer Trail Session

HONORING the Pioneers, an important feature of the conference will be a period devoted to the Pioneers of this great western empire. Since Brigham Young and the Utah Pioneers reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake, possibly the greatest pioneering movement in all history has been carried on by our people. Have we honored them sufficiently? Have we told the world of their deeds and their sacrifices? Isn't it time we made manifest the pride we feel in their accomplishments and the reverence we feel for their sacrifices? Shouldn't we begin now, late as it is, to mark and preserve the historic spots made sacred to us by the labors of our Pioneers? A Church-wide movement is to be launched at this conference to accomplish this purpose.

Contests

THE Grand Finals this year will be of unusual interest, bringing to the conference as they do the best two individuals or groups in the Church in drama, music, speech and story telling. Winners of first place in each event will be declared and these will receive certificates from the General Board.

A Testimony Meeting. All M. I. A. workers look forward eagerly to

the spiritual uplift to be gained from this session which has come to be an annual feature of our conference.

Addresses by the First Presidency. The June conference is blessed and honored in having the First Presidency of the Church take direct supervision of the Sunday afternoon session and in receiving inspirational counsel and instructions from their lips.

A Youth Festival. As a grand finale to the entire conference the junior groups—Vanguards, Juniors, Scouts and Bee-Hive Girls—are preparing an elaborate program for the Sunday evening session. The theme—Building Latter-day Saint character—will be depicted in song, story and tableau.

A Preview of Department Work for the Conference

PRESIDENCIES, SECRETARIES, COMMUNITY ACTIVITY COMMITTEES, ERA AND PUBLICITY DIRECTORS

THESE four groups, both as a joint body, and in separate sessions will consider vital problems of organization and administration; record-keeping, history-making opportunities for secretaries; the complete activity program for 1931-32 with its modifications in the light of this year's experience; the opportunities for faith-development and character-building afforded through the *Improvement Era.*

The Adult Program

THE theme for discussion in this group will be *Individual Health,* the special study for 1931-32.

The text is "How to Live," by *Fisher and Fisk,* a book recognized by authorities as containing the very best instruction on this subject.

Other topics to be considered are optional courses for the year, the work of the women's separate department, joint projects, and the reading course book.

The Health Exhibit to be presented under the direction of the entire General Board is of vital importance to the Adult Department.

June Conference Meetings

	THURSDAY (June 11)	FRIDAY (June 12)	SATURDAY (June 13)	SUNDAY (June 14)
A M	Recreation Institute Top floor Bishop's Bldg. starting at 9 a. m. and continuing throughout the day. Music, Drama, Dancing, Speech, etc. Leaders include Nat'l. Experts. Open to all M. I. A. Rec. Leaders Bee-Hive Institute	9:00-12:00 (ASSEMBLY HALL) *General Superintendencys' and Presidencys' Annual Messages* 1. M. I. A. Music. 2. Introduction of new M. I. A. songs. 3. Presentation and discussion of our new slogan and how we may best promote it. 4. Address, Pres. Heber J. Grant.	9:00-12:00 DEPARTMENTS *Dept.* — *Place of Meeting* Executives — Tab. and Assembly Hall Secretaries — Tab and Assembly Hall Music Directors — Assembly Hall Community Act. — Assembly Hall Era and Pub. — Tabernacle Adults — 17th Ward M Men — Bishop's Bldg. Gleaners — Bishop's Bldg. Vanguards — Tabernacle Juniors — Scouts — Tabernacle Bee-Hive — Smith Memorial Bldg. The programs of these deparments will contain the vital materials for 1931-32. Stake and Ward Executive Officers should see that as far as possible each department has representation.	8:00-10:45 ASSEMBLY HALL Joint Officers Instruction and Testimony Meeting. Assembly Hall 11:00-12:00 — Tabernacle Joint Primary Session.
NOON	"	Community Activity Leaders' Luncheon.	Superintendents and Presidents' Luncheon.	
P M	"	2:00-3:30 (ASSEMBLY HALL) Pioneer Trails Program. Introducing Pony Express, Covered Wagon and other inspirational instances in Western History.	2:00-4:00 FINAL CONTESTS 1. Re-told story—Vanguard, Juniors. 2. Special musical selection. 3. Drama.	2:00-4:00 CONFERENCE (Tabernacle)
NIGHT	"	SALTAIR RECEPTION AND DANCE CONTESTS Also demonstration of new activities for 1931-32.	7:30 FINAL CONTESTS—TABERNACLE M Men address. Gleaner address. Orchestra Ladies chorus. Male chorus. Presentation of awards in all activities.	7:30 JUNIOR DEPTS. (Tabernacle) Theme: "Building Latter-day Saint Character."

Joint M Men—Gleaner Program

1. Objectives.
2. Outstanding accomplishments in joint work. Three three-minute talks by successful leaders, followed by general discussion.
3. "The Right Thing at All Times"—demonstrations and illustrations.
4. A one-act play.

M Men Program

THE M Men program will include discussion on a new plan for training M Men leaders, a presentation of their project; athletics—their use and abuse—rules, ideals, leadership responsibilities, and other phases of M Men work.

Gleaner Girls

THE past—a source of inspiration; the project, "I will gather Treasures of Truth;" What shall we read; Sheaves—are the interesting topics to be treated in the Gleaner group meeting.

The Junior Girls

THE Junior Committee is planning to stress the following features of their program.

Building a Life—the subject of the course of study for this group. It will be discussed from (a) the physical, (b) the character building, (c) the spiritual, point of view.

Other features will be:
The project.
The book.
The activities.
Junior songs.

Vanguards

THE New Vanguard Program will be introduced and thoroughly discussed. "The Log of the Vanguard Trail," embodying one of the most complete and well-balanced programs for young men, will launch a program for Vanguards, including Church-wide contests, hobbies and other attractive activities. Every Vanguard leader or executive in charge of Vanguard work who can attend this conference should participate in this opening feature of the new program for our 15-16 year old boys. The new Priesthood-Sunday School-M.I.A. correlation plan which will bring every boy into Church activity will also be an important feature in the Vanguard department.

Boy Scouts

THE Boy Scouts will find an important place in the conference program. Scout leaders who attend will gain inspiration and carry home with them the new enthusiasm of the work that is coming for the correlation program of all agencies in the Church interested in boys from 12 to 20 years of age. Spirituality, leadership, organization and practical phases of Scout work will be emphasized. The remarkable record of our Church in scouting will be made the basis of still further achievements.

Bee-Hive Girls

THE Bee-Hive Committee is looking forward to meeting Bee-Keepers from all over the Church. The one cry which comes to the General Board from the stakes is more training in this work. Therefore, the Committee is planning to give special training in actual Bee-Hive work, to the Bee-Keepers who assemble at June conference. The program provides for several hours of department work in which demonstrations in cell filling, guide work, etc., will be given and in addition it is expected that helps in handcrafts and other activities will be presented. This will be a real Swarm Day of Bee-Keepers who will meet not only to receive instructions and training, but also to exchange ideas and benefit by each other's experience.

Latter-day Saint Fraternity Ideals

THE Church as a unit is a fraternity. A brotherhood and sisterhood of people each one of whom is a member through the ordinance of baptism and confirmation. The titles brother and sister are common to all from the humblest member to the highest official.

In one of our L. D. S. hymns, often sung, is a eulogy to the first prophet and president of the Church, "Millions shall know Brother Joseph again," and another hymn, appealing to the laity, contains the line, "School thy feelings, O my brother."

Karl G. Maeser, the educational father of the Latter-day Saint Church school system, had an expressed preference for the title Brother as against that of Professor or Doctor.

An ideal standing in any organization includes the payment of dues. The payment of tithing and fast offerings are fraternity obligations of all members of the Church, one for the general maintenance of the Church and the other for the relief of the needy. These sources of revenue are provided on the principle of paying in proportion to the ability to pay. The tithing is one-tenth of the "interests annually" and the fast offering the price of the food saved by one day's fasting once a month. With these two obligations faithfully met by the members, the Church would be able to meet its obligations in an idealistic manner. The Lord's store house would always have a safe surplus in it.

A century of history has given proof that the treasury of the L. D. S. Fraternity has been kept safe from waste. If the members were as fair in payment as the officers are careful in spending, the word of the Lord declaring, "There is enough for all and to spare" would be *truth applied* on a scale that would attract the attention of a world seeking a fraternalism that provides protection here and now and for salvation hereafter.

Fraternity Loyalty—Ideal fraternity loyalty would not admit of other fraternal obligations that would in any way detract from the first choice affiliation: a divided loyalty mars ideality. Just as part-payment of dues impairs perfect credit, hence, the inadvisability of Church members joining outside fraternities.

The following is illustrative of what may be termed first class, or ideal Latter-day Saint fraternal loyalty: On being asked why he would not join a fraternity outside of the Church a man, who is known for his independence of thought and consistency of action, said, "I do not wish to divide my interest nor my energy. My Church affords opportunity for me to do more things that I like to do than I can do as well as I would like to. My observation has been that members of the Church who have joined outside fraternities have, on the whole, rather lost than gained by so doing. My patriotic allegiance is to one country, my own, and my fraternity allegiance is to one brotherhood, the Church, my *own*."

Priesthood Fraternity—Illustrative of ideality in quorum brotherhood, a bit of current history is presented: A member of a high priest quorum, exemplary and industrious, through a series of circumstances found himself unable to keep the "wolf" from his door. The quorum membership and watch-care committee reported that brother's needy condition, which was made the subject of special consideration of the officers of the organization, and their findings were presented to the members, with the result that he was helped to re-enter a vocational business for which he was especially fitted and which he had unwisely left. He was given no money, but the patronage of the members of his quorum soon placed him where any special consideration was unnecessary.

This same quorum is fraternally alert to the spiritual needs of its members. It is a fact-finding, relief-providing, comfort-giving, faith-promoting organization, a fraternity within a

fraternity established by Divine Authority and in which there is room and opportunity for the exercise of the fraternal endowments of mankind.

July Conjoint Program

OPENING Song—"For the Strength of the Hills."

Opening Prayer—Grandson of a Community Pioneer.

Singing Pioneer song, such as "Come, Come, Ye Saints."—(To be sung by a young people's Chorus of M Men, Gleaners or Vanguards and Juniors. Song should be well learned and sung with spirit.)

Story of Western History prior to 1847 (10 minutes).

Talk — "Mormon" Colonization beginning with 1847—giving outstanding events in connection with the wagon trail and handcart trail. (15 minutes. See Brief History of the Church, by Anderson; Essentials of Church History, by Joseph Fielding Smith; Roberts' History of the Church. Founding of Utah, by Young).

Incident related from a "Treasures of Truth"—by a Gleaner Girl (5 minutes).

Oldest Pioneer of the Community to tell pioneer experiences (10 minutes).

Caravan to Independence Rock in July, 1930 (10 minutes. See "Mormon" Caravan to Independence Rock —John D. Giles, Sept. *Era*, 1930, also April *Era*, 1931, p. 322, by H. R. Driggs).

Have some enthusiastic person explain the plan to perpetuate the memory of early pioneers by trail markers. (See article this *Era*, by John D. Giles.)

Closing Song—"America."

Benediction—By a pioneer.

Ask all of your oldest pioneers to sit on the stand and just before calling on the pioneer to speak, introduce briefly to the audience all these old settlers. (This would mean original pioneers who either crossed the plains or were original settlers of the local community.) Make them honored guests of the evening.

Recreation Leaders Institute Thursday, June 11, 1931

TOP Floor, Bishop's Building, commencing promptly at 9 a. m., Thursday morning, June 11, the General Boards of M. I. A. will conduct a special institute for Recreation Leaders. All M. I. A. workers are invited. Experts will present our music, dramatic, dancing, speech and other programs. This will be an excellent opportunity for our leaders to get detailed instruction in these fields of work. National leaders have been invited to attend.

Historical Sketch of the Box Elder Girls' Camp

"So many things you feel can't be done, are done, and you wonder why you ever thought they couldn't be—"

THE collection of a fund toward the erection of a Girls' Summer Home was begun by the Box Elder Y. L. M. I. A. in 1920. Mrs. Leah Reeder was stake Y. L. M. I. A. president at that time. With all the wards in the stake cooperating, a large community bazaar was held, luncheons were served ,and a fund of nearly two thousand dollars collected.

The following spring and summer, with the active cooperation of the stake presidency and high council, efforts were made to procure a suitable building site for a Girls' Camp. No favorable location could be decided upon at that time so the building was deferred. Tents and other camping equipment were provided for the girls' use during their summer outings. These were used for several seasons, but each year the officers felt more and more keenly the need of something permanent.

In the spring of 1927, Mrs. Louise Skidmore, stake president of the Y. L. M. I. A., appointed her counselor, Cleopha Jensen, as chairman of a committee composed of the various ward presidents. This committee met with the brethren of the stake presidency, and asked for their cooperation, which was whole-heartedly given. A committee from the high council was appointed to make a careful survey of the various possibilities for a camp site, with the result that an old homestead site of five acres on the hillside, south and west of Mantua, was secured on which to build our Girls' Summer Home.

This site has the advantage of a pure water supply, excellent drainage, easy access to electric light and telephone connection, open spaces for playgrounds and shady nooks for reverie. While it is only about seven miles from Brigham City, it is well off the main highway and is isolated as much as could be desired.

The executive committee, composed of President Louise Skidmore, Cleopha Jensen, and Elsa Christensen, visited a number of the other camps and also secured help and advice from other sources and together with Mr. N. C. Simonsen and Mr. Royes Petersen, made careful plans for a building which were approved as being suitable and adequate for our needs. Mr. Nels Jensen was appointed by the stake presidency as chairman of finance and building, and the Camp was under construction by July 1, of that same year. Mr. Royes Petersen was in charge of construction work and the large, two-story building seemed to take form like magic and plans were under way for the formal opening to be held August 12.

Miss Hortense Poulsen was chairman of the furnishing committee. A successful drive was made for contributions of various articles to furnish the home when completed. A name committee was also appointed, with Mrs. Veara Fife chairman. A contest was inaugurated between the various wards, for a name for the Camp. The winning ward was to have the honor of being first to occupy this new camp. The name chosen by the judges was "Beylmia"—first letters of Box Elder Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association. Corinne Ward was the winner.

On August 12, 1927, the Camp was formally opened with a most successful and delightful "housewarming" celebration in which the entire stake participated. Refreshments were served; the Brigham City Band gave a concert in the afternoon from the large balcony; and Mrs. Mann's orchestra also entertained with music. In the evening Norm Watkin's Orchestra furnished music for dancing. It was estimated that over six-hundred people visited the Camp on the opening day, among them being President Ruth May Fox and Mrs. Marie Thomas of the General Board of the Y. L. M. I. A. Camp Beylmia was then turned over to our M. I. A. girls for the remainder of the season.

The Camp itself is built close to the western hillside, in a setting of most beautiful native trees and shrubbery which in each season of the year presents a new and different beauty—Spring with its beautiful verdure and varied colored wild flowers is rivaled by autumn with its most gorgeous hues of scarlet and bronze. The Camp gives one the impression of having always been right there, just waiting for our girls to discover its rare beauty.

The building is of frame construction, built on a high rock foundation. The combined dining and living room is thirty feet wide by fifty feet in

length, with a massive rock fireplace at one side, which is indeed the nucleus of the home. On either end of the fireplace is a rustic stairway leading to the sleeping quarters on the second floor, where there are accommodations for from fifty to seventy-five girls. A veranda or porch twelve feet wide extends the full length of the building on the east side, which on both floors, is surrounded by a picturesque rustic railing. All openings are fitted with screens. In the front are casement windows, while at the ends are heavy sliding wood shutters. Beautiful French doors on each floor open on to the broad verandas. The lean-to, built at the rear provides a kitchen, ten by twenty feet in size and also a room, ten by ten feet for lavatories, showers, etc., when these conveniences can be afforded.

The approximate cost of the building was $6,000.00 and the furnishings are valued at approximately $1,000.00. This money was raised in various ways. An assessment of $1.00 each on the Y. L. M. I. A. membership was made in the beginning. Stake Board members, assisted by the wards, raised approximately $1,000.00 by serving luncheons on various occasions. Plays and dances were also given. We also received the return of our annual fund from the General Board. Public subscriptions amounted to about $300.00. Later an assessment of 8c per capita was made on wards to pay the balance. The furnishings and equipment were largely donated.

June 26-29, 1928, Miss Elva Moss, then field worker of the General Board. conducted the first Camp leadership institute at Camp Beylmia. It was most successful and on the concluding day, June 29, 1928, dedicatory services were held. President S. Norman Lee of the Box Elder stake offering the dedicatory prayer.

The Camp is managed by a committee from the Y. L. M. I. Stake Board, assisted by a committee of three members from the high council. During the season of 1928, Mrs. Elsa Christensen was chairman of the Camp committee; and during 1929 and 1930 Mrs. Veara Fife was chairman. Our present committee is as follows: Mrs. Cleopha Jensen, Miss Norma Jensen, with N. L. Hansen, E. M. Tyson and Heber W. Perry from the high council. Thus far we have not had a paid supervisor or recreational director at the Camp. The various wards have provided for their own house mother, kitchen supervisor and recreational director. Each girl provides her own blanket, sheets, and pillow. She is required to obey all regulations of the Camp and also to share the necessary work.

—*Cleopha Jensen.*

Ensign Stake Gleaners Hold Annual Banquet

A YEAR'S gleaning, all crowded into one evening, was the experience of the Gleaner Girls of Ensign stake on April 17th.

Had you happened to glance into the ball room of the Hotel Utah that evening you would have realized at a glance that spring, summer, autumn and winter were there in all their glory and beauty, bringing with them their mesasges of life and love.

From tables with their miniature maypoles of lavender and pink with their dainty butterflies and birds scattered beneath them, symbolizing spring; and the mirror lakes surrounded by moss on which rested dainty fans and parasols picturing summer; on to the tiny rustic barns, standing in the midst of realistic fields of corn and wheat, with the bright leaves of autumn floating about; to the tables with their little white snow men of winter; and finally to the very walls and corners of the room. the idea of the four seasons was apparent. Everything seemed to breathe the essence of spring, summer, fall and winter, and carry forth the spirit of yearly gleaning.

Mother Time in the form of the toastmistress with her wise philosophy and wit, carried the message of yearly gleaning beautifully through the Springtime of Youth, the Summertime of Womanhood, the Autumn of Maturity, and into Winter's Realm of Old Age.

Each season was so entrancingly described by the girls who represented them, that every gleaner girl's golden chest, which was her favor for the evening, was filled to overflowing. The treasures which could not be enclosed in the chests were even more valuable and were stored in their hearts and minds, for that night there were treasures of music, literature, grace and beauty in abundance. Greater than these were the treasures of love, friendship and fellowship, one for another, that were gleaned.

Truly it was an ideal culmination of our yearly gleaning, for each girl carried away with her, besides her hand-painted place card and her little golden treasure chest, a picture of loveliness, and a real determination to glean still more fully, and to secure for herself the treasures from each season of life. The entire affair was under the direction of Myrtle Dean.

For Her Trousseau

I am making cross work stitches
In a sampler design
On a piece of pale green linen
For this oldest girl of mine.
When it is completely finished
And laundered well, and pressed,
'Twill be added to the trousseau
Within the cedar chest.

And as the stitches multiply
And the pattern grows more clear,
I wonder what the future holds
In store for one so dear.
With what a world of loving care
Each stitch is woven fast,
How many hopes, how many prayers
Will they record at last.

Prayers that the path of life be smooth
Beneath her trusting feet,
Hope that the bitter things be far
Outnumbered by the sweet.
Prayers that the splendid soul of her
Remain untouched by time,
Hope that the promise of her youth
May lead to heights sublime.

Trusting that all her high ideals
And love for God and truth
May strengthen with the years, and be
Her stay in age as youth.
So from the mother heart of me
I breathe this fervent prayer
That God will bless her through the years
And keep her in his care.

—*A Mother.*

M.I.A. Monthly Report of Accomplishments during March, 1931

	No of Wards in Stake	No. of Wards in Stake Reporting.	No. of Wards whose average attendance is 2/3 or more of enrollment		No. of Wards having completed class discussion and activities to date.		No. of people in Stake who reached "A" Standard and received recognition at the Honor Day held in Wards in the following events:					No. of Wards having received recognition at Stake Honor Day in the following events:									No. of Gleaner Girls in Stake having "Treasure Books."	No. M. Men in Stake having stopped smoking because of project.	No. of Wards in Stake working on Adult Health Project.
			Y.M.	Y.L.	Y.M.	Y.L.	Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Spkng.	Retold Story	Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Spkng. M.	Public Spkng. G.	Retold Story V.	Retold Story G.	75% M.P.				
Alberta	11	9		4		5	52	27	72	34	22									43			4
Bannock	8	5		3		4	12	6	15	7	6	3	2	2	1	2	1	2	4	4			1
Bear Lake	11	11		5		8	3	1	2	5	5	3	1	2		5		5	5				
Bear River	12	3		5		10	32	5	30	4	12	3	2	2	2	2		1	2	3			7
Beaver	5	3		1		2	13	10	12	8	5	2	2	1	3	2	1	3	2	0			3
Blackfoot	13	7		6		6	38		34	16	15	3		2	1	5		4	3	21			1
Blaine	6	3	1	1	2	2	3	8		7										8			
Cache	8	7	1		7		56	44	53	40	7	4	4	2	5	2	1	1					5
Carbon	8	6		4		4	36	18	18	11	6	5	6	2	3	5	1	5	5	13	1		2
Cassia	6	6		5		5	31		14	12	6	3				6		6	6	13			6
Cottonwood	10	8		2		6	56	8	48	23	22	2	3	1		4		4	5	9			8
Curlew	6	5		3		4	20		27	3	4	3		4		3			2				1
Deseret	12	9		6		7	34	16	32	17	15												4
East Jordan	11	11		6		9	119	22	58	74	23	6	4	1	6	5	1	6	7	11			5
Ensign	8	8		1		7	122	80	119	37	25									10			6
Franklin	11	9	6	11	7	9	294	25	110	158	113	7	2	2	8	7	3	8	7	9			5
Fremont	14	13		9		9	105	39	181	25	22	8	4	4	2	5	2	7	13	16			6
Garfield	8	4		3		3	27	7	12	6	9	2	2	1		2		3	3				1
Granite	10	10		6		8	117	66	290	99	57	2	6	9		8		7	7	48			10
Grant	14	13		7		12	118	37	149	81	30	9	7	8		10		11		31			7
Gunnison	7	7		6		6	40	17	49	23	15	4	5	3	1	4		5	5	1			3
Hollywood	12	9		4		5	64	10	65	15	7	5	2	2		2		3		18			5
Idaho Falls	12	9		4		6	51	52	41	28	17	2	2	2		2			3	17			3
Kanab	7	6		5		4	40	28	59	18	15	4	4	2	3	4	2	3	5	10			3
Kolob	5	5		3		3	71	36	90	13	16	4	4	4		2			5	21			
Lehi	6	5		5		5	86	43	107	58	37	3	4	2	2	3		3	4	15			3
Logan	11	10		5		8	74	70	70	38	18	7	9	5		7		7	7				
Los Angeles	11	9		8		7	38	10	21	16	12	4	3	2	4	4	2	5	1				
Malad	9	9		7		7	35	8	36	15	9	3	3	1	2	2	1	2	2				5
Maricopa	10	7		7		7	26	20	48	9	11	5	3	3	4	6	5	3	8	27			6
Millard	6	4		3		4	28	9	60	15	15	4	3	4	2	4	1	4	4	6			2
Moapa	10	8		6		6	54	36	21	23	7	5	5	2	6	6	1	1	8	8			6
Montpelier	13	9		5		6	20	2	9	1	1	2	2	0	1	1		2	5	5			2
Moroni	5	5		5		4	42	8	53	4	3	5	3	3		3		2	3	3			
North Sanpete	5	5		3		5	44	22	55	24	15	4	3	2		5		5	1	23			3
North Sevier	4	2		1		2	36	8	6	8	3	2	2	0	1	2		2	2	5			
North Weber	14	12		8		9	15	8		4	4	1	1			2		2		34			10
Ogden	12	12		11		12	72	17	106	29	23	5	3	4		5		7	12	22			3
Oneida	11	11	4	9	5	7	101	20	76	13	20	9	3	7	10	9	1	7	9	6			5
Oquirrh	6	6		3		6	86	22	56	35	21	4	3	2	3	4	2	4	5	2			5
Panguitch	6	5		5		8	53	10	32	7	9	2	3	2	1	2		3	6	17			4
Pocatello	10	8	4	6	6	7	116	20	103	29	21	7	5	7		8		7	8	36	4		6
Portneuf	7	7	0	4	3	7	32	24	19	13	6	6	3	2	4	4		2	6	28			3
Raft River	6	4		1		3	34	16	9	8	10	2	1			1		2		7			1
St. George	8	5		2		5	18	14	52	21	40	4	4	4	4	3	2	4	3	12			4
Shelley	9	9	0	5	3	6	25	6	30	2	10	3	1	3		5			4	16			2
Snowflake	11	6		3		4	15	2	75	3	3	3		1	3	3		3	4	10			3
South Davis	8	8	5	5	6	6	95	35	89	39	37	8	5	2	4	7	2	8	8	21			6
South Sevier	8	8		7		8	30	18	19	10	12	3	2	1	4	2	3	3	5	11			4
Star Valley	11	8		3		5	32	17	64	14	6	3	4	6		8		5		14			3
Summit	13	7		5		7	17	16	9	17	18	1	2		2	2		3	4	3	2		6
Sharon	7	5		3		4	14	20	23	10	3	1	2	1	2	3		4	3	3			2
Salt Lake	13	13	4	7	10	11	123	40	116	41	40	8	4	2	6	5	2	7	8	41	4		8
St. Joseph	15	15		9		11	120	20	110	105	40									60	2		9
Taylor	6	6		2		6	50	41	85	33	27	5	4	4		6		5	3				3
Teton	7	7		5		5						2	2	2	1	3	1	4		10			3
Tintic	4	4		3		4	12	5	7	5	3	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	2	4			1
Tooele	10	5		2		4	14	10	60	4	3	3	3	2	2	2		3	1	14			
Twin Falls				5		7	50	38	18	32	21	5	4	1	3	4	2	5	6	12			7
Uintah	9	7																					
Union	5	5	1	1	5	5	51	16	44	19	4	4	2	1	4	5	1	1	4	8			2
Utah	9	7		3		5	41	5	15	28	31									13			7
Wasatch	9	9		5		8	120	30	50	27	48	7			5			6	6				9
Wayne	6	4		3		2	23	12	25	17	8	1	2	2	2	4	2	1	5	2			
West Jordan	8	6		4		5	65	15	64	20	8	7	3	3		7		5	8	7			3
Woodruff	4	4				2	24	32	45	15	19	2	3	2	2	3	1	3	2				3
Yellowstone	10	7	3	4	3	6	34	17	35	15	6	2	2	1		1	1	2	2	4			3
Calif. Mission	49	21	5	13	2	12	70	33	79	39	21	6	3	3	4	5	2	3	5	62			
Eastern States	13	11	10	9	10	9																	
Northwestern	19	13	6		8		17	14	25	15	5	2	3	2	3	3		2	5				2
Northern	17	7		4		5	39		88	13	8	8		3	6	7	7	5					3
Central States	14	10		4		7																	2
East Central	9	2		1	2																		
Totals	66	552	53	329	87	417	3645	1404	3694	1657	1140	253	180	151	125	259	52	237	268	877	15		256

THE foregoing report is exceptionally interesting. It gives some idea, at least, of the splendid results of this year's program. You will note we ask for the number of people who reached "A" Standard and received recognition at the Ward Honor Day. This report includes sixty-six stakes and six missions reporting, representing 552 wards and branches. In these wards a total of 3,645 people took part and reached "A" Standard in drama, 1,404 in dancing, 3,694 in music, etc.

Out of 552 wards reporting, 253 of them met the requirements and received recognition at Stake Honor Day in drama, 180 in dancing, etc. Some 13,000 honor pins were awarded to individuals reaching "A" Standard in the various wards. Thousands more

have participated and it is gratifying to know that never before has such interest been shown in M. I. A. activities. The above report doesn't begin to tell of all the achievements in the stakes, and space will permit only mention of a few of the outstanding events.

The Gold and Green Ball has become the big social event of the season for M. I. A. Practically all stakes have conducted this ball in a lovely, dignified way, choosing a queen and using other features to make it most attractive. We are pleased to report also that this has been conducted in many of the missions very successfully. The M Men and Gleaner banquets are becoming quite popular, as are the Junior Girls' festivals. The Basketball Tournament was very successful—some 8,000 young men having participated in the Church league this year. The Bee-Hive Swarm Day has long since become permanently established, with attractive programs being presented in all the stakes, at which some 5,000 Bee-Hive girls were awarded graduation certificates, merit badges, etc.

Contest work this year has excelled all previous records both in the stakes and missions. We think our readers will be particularly interested in learning something about the activity program as it has been carried on in some of the missions. Brother L. Harold Wright and Sister Rebecca Snow, Supervisors of M. I. A. in the Northern States mission give the following interesting report:

Northern States Mission Mutuals—1931

IN the fall of 1930, when the handbook supplement was received, plans were immediately made for the launching of the mission contests, a program which would be entirely new to the Mutual officers and members in this section. We realized that to achieve complete success every officer and member would have to get into the harness and work to capacity. Distance and time plus other conditions did not permit a special tour of the mission by M. I. A. representatives, hence the need was seen of a means by which direct and effective communication would be made to all officers. This led to the printing and issuing of the M. I. A. Bulletin of the Northern States Mission.

The initial number consisted of contest rules and instructions, giving also a perspective outlook of all M. I. A. organizations in the mission. The second issue contained a comparative report of M. I. A. progress and further suggestions on our contests received from the General Board. The third issue of the bulletin gave reports in detail of all contest results, together with a tentative program for the summer. The bulletin served as an effective medium, and we have faith in its worth in the future.

Some branches reported that competition would be almost impossible for several reasons—the financial depression, lack of members, and lack of staging facilities. But during the months of January and February continued effort was put forth, and inter-branch elimination contests were staged, featuring drama (using *Era* suggested plays), retold stories, music, and public speaking as outlined in the handbook supplement. Through faith and untiring efforts of missionaries and members, four final inter-district contests were held in the following cities, Detroit, Michigan; Dayton, Ohio; Indianapolis, Indiana; and Chicago, Illinois.

Nothing in Northern States Mission Mutual history was quite as inspiring as were the results of our labors. Good crowds enthusiastically supported each event. And winning teams were presented with a beautiful silver cup upon which was engraved M. I. A., the winning district, and the date, 1931.

President Noah S. Pond made the following comments on contest work:

"Boys and girls, youth and maiden, father and mother had taken part in song and music, retold story, drama and oratory. Members and missionaries had the recompense in joy by seeing the awakening from timid to trustful; passing acquaintance to friendship, and conversion. Our Mission Mutual leaders have written Latter-day Saint standards and ideals into the hearts of all those who have entered into this work."

Comments from other presiding officers in the Northern States Mission are as follows: "This year our attendance has almost doubled."

"Since contest work started, Milwaukee certainly has taken an interest in it. The young as well as the old took part and several non-members became interested in M. I. A. work."

"We feel that the interest in our Sunday School work is almost entirely due to the interest manifest in contest work."

In California

THE California Mission has also carried on contest work extensively this year for the first time. Miss Jessie Burnham, President of the Mission Y. L. M. I. A. writes as follows:

"We feel that we are taking a distinct step upward in Mutual work in the California Mission this spring in contest work. We have arranged for divisional meets among our branches similar to those of the stakes. Three or four and sometimes five branches will meet together and have a Division Honor Day just as the stakes have Stake Honor Day. The branches are all very enthusiastic over the plan, and we have big hopes for the future. We even hope to have the California Mission represented at the June Convention this year. At least there is a great deal of interest and enthusiasm in the various branches over the contest work."

The mission was divided into twelve districts where contest work was carried on in all the events and winners chosen to enter division finals. Basketball was also entered into. In Northern California the outside denominations have a church basketball league, and the Gridley Branch M. I. A. team was invited to join the league. They did and carried away the honors, winning against all the Northern California teams.

Northwestern and Eastern States

THE Northwestern States Mission has also carried on contest work in all events, the winners of which were outstanding.

The Eastern states Mission held contests in dancing, public speaking, music and drama. They report having followed our program of activities throughout the year with great success. "It is our aim, "writes David Payne, M. I. A. Supervisor of the New York-Brooklyn district, "to conduct M. I. A. work as it is carried on in the stakes and wards." From reports they are succeeding admirably.

The General Board of M. I. A. wishes to express appreciation to all officers and leaders for the splendid achievements of the past year and is looking forward to even bigger and better results, if it is possible during 1931-32.

Personality

MY Friend, have you heard of the land of Yawn, on the banks of the River Slow, where blossoms the Waitawhile flower fair, and the Sometimeorother scents the air and the Soft Goeasies grow?

"It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse, in the Province of Letterslide, that Tiredfeeling is native there. it's the home of the listless I-don't-care, where the Putitoffs abide."

Is this the kind of personality you want? No, decidedly not! Then get busy and read more books, and be a man of personality. Yes, have an attractive dynamic personality. — *M Men's Publication, Calif. Mission.*

Fossil Fabric

[*Continued from page 467*]

funeral when he "heard taps." Desire became reason, opposition was to be avoided. He had slipped away and had hobbled about half the distance, but beyond, even past the horizon, lay long, lonely uncompromising miles of dust.

He must be moving; if scouts from the "Home" should overtake him he would be hustled back and the long trek would have to be started over again. By sliding his back up the tree trunk, he drew himself to position to plod jerkily on. Had walking not been so difficult, he could have enjoyed the open, unpeopled, uncultivated stretches, for Darton had looked like that when he was a boy, but the pain in his leg was gnawing; the old bone seemed to chew with slivery teeth the nub of hardened flesh. Perspiration picked its path through the tangled wrinkles in his sagging cheeks and splashed on the collar of his blue shirt; the collapsed blue collar that standing open at the throat see-sawed his stocky neck with each uneven squeaky stride. He shaded his eyes and looked for a cloud. The sun was merciless.

A car slowed and a suave gentleman offered a ride.

"No, thanks, I'll walk the rest of the way." He was only a few miles from Darton, and he couldn't take the chance. He had read of gangs and kidnapping. Too bad the world had changed so—why, when he was a boy—his thoughts raced, but the thud, squeak, thud, squeak of his step was slow.

Pausing, he drew the back of his hand across his forehead, and, half shutting his eyes, tried to squint on towards some object in the distance. It appeared to be a long row of trees bending, bowing as if following the meanderings of a stream. When he reached them he would leave the road and follow the shade; it might make the way a little longer but surely less exhausting. Too, a few draughts of cool water would taste "purty good" after drinking for two days from a syrup-can he had sneaked from the rubbish and carried until the water tasted like stale tea. Thoughts of shade and water lightened his pace, but only for a few steps. If only the ground wouldn't rock so; as he lifted his foot the earth seemed to rise with it and to shrink on the next step. Fear of failure made his heart thump. Fatigued to the point of intoxication, he reeled blindly through the dust clouds, his dragging feet raised at every step, and sank, only partially conscious, beneath the first tree.

Sleep drowned him; until morning he was aware of nothing. When daylight roused him, it revealed no stream—instead, a row of apple trees. Either the road followed the trees or the trees the road, for, as he journeyed on, the way proved as crooked as a calf-path. Why the trees; who planted them; why apple trees?—his understanding of road-building had been that nothing stopped roads—buildings fell, tracks were bridged and rivers turned that roads might pass. The curiousness of this intrigued him. Peter partially forgot his weariness in contemplating the trees. The long branches reached small red apples to him and the next few miles hurried by.

As the sun climbed, weariness increased and the stump of his leg ached almost beyond endurance. He gathered apple leaves and folding them in his bandana made a cushion to lay between his calloused flesh and the non-resilient wood. Until crushed to pulp they afforded relief, but during each rest the leaves must be replaced. And rests came often now. The trees helped him to get up and down, and in their shade he could sleep; yet fearful of relaxing too completely he allowed but a few moments at a time, and then on again—munching an apple and reliving boyhood adventures. Apples and boyhood—they go together somehow—. His musings almost burst into a prayer of thankfulness as he thought, "God bless the person who planted these trees, and may he bless the person who dug the troughs at their roots that the rains might satisfy the thirst of trees that brave desert places." Only because of their shade, their support, their fruit, their leaves, had he been able to go on—to reach home—where he could see the arbor—his playing places—and be buried in—

He was reeling again. He would ask about the trees when he reached—

The ground was blurring by, he leaned against a tree—dark waters seemed to rise and flood his ears—he slipped to the ground.

When he roused, a shadowy man was leaning over him, pouring the water from the syrup-can over his face. A load of hay driven to the side of the road towered above him. Peter groped at the air as he tried to articulate, but the driver spoke first: "Need a lift? Far as Darton?"

"Kind—if—you will— I'm—afraid I can't—make it—"

With difficulty the driver finally helped him to the blanket on the load. As the team jogged along, Peter in weak, trembling voice, broken by heavy sighs, told his story to one of the citizens of Darton.

"I thought—maybe—I could—be a little—use in Darton—my old bones—are crisp with age—but I could be in parades—I can tell true stories about the war to the children, and when "taps" sound they can have—a military funeral for me—I want to be buried by my mother in the Darton cemetery."

He drew from his pocket a neatly folded flag. "Look," he said, "I made this myself. One side is the confederate flag and one the stars and stripes—I like them together like this—I'm glad for the stars and stripes

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but I'm mighty proud to have fought with Lee. My brother died for that flag, I only gave one leg—I want this on my grave."

The driver was questioning the welcome a burdensome, (perhaps "kinda crazy") old man might receive, as he asked, "Are you sure you hadn't better go back to your real friends at the Soldiers' Home?"

Peter grasped his fingers, first one hand then the other. His tone was positive as he answered, "I'm not going back! I want to die in Darton—it won't be long —" Tears glistened, and he swayed slightly forward.

The driver reached in front of him and resting his hand on Peter's knee said in a hushed monotone, "Hope folks is kinder to you than they was to Simon Hanks."

"Simon Hanks! D'you know Simon Hanks?" expectantly inquired Peter?

"No, no, he was gone long 'fore my day. I've only lived here forty-two year, but everybody here-abouts knows Simon (Saint Simon some calls him) 'count 'o the apple trees," he nodded toward the side of the highway.

"These here apple trees that follow the road?"

"The road followed the trees —"

"It did? it did—I wondered all the way—tell me about it."

"Well, the story goes" (It would be wise to prepare the old man) "the story goes that Simon was an old man when he came to Darton. He was a funny old fossil, had an idee he could do something to make the world better. He tried to tell stories to the children, but the mothers were afraid of him. He tried to do all sorts of things to help, but folks jest drove him from place to place: at last they drove him out o' town. As he went he called at the farms and asked to fill his flour-sack with apples—he jest about lived on apples and what he didn't eat, he cut up and planted the seeds. Hundreds and hundreds grew and when the road (I mean the highway) come through, they followed the trees. We're mighty perticlar 'bout trees hereabouts."

"I'm sayin' you ought t' be. Why, if it hadn't a been for those apple trees, I never could a made it back—" He finished the sentence to himself, he couldn't say aloud "and I was one of the boys who sicked the dogs on him, to drive him out of town."

The driver meanwhile was wondering if for once the trees had helped where perhaps—perhaps it would have been better not to.

PETER was fitting his thoughts to the revolutions of the wheels, "I— sicked— the— dog on— him— They— drove— him — out— of— town —I— sicked — the— dog— on— him—They — drove— him— out— of — town— Maybe— sick— the — dog— on— me— drive— me— out— of— town— —No—I'm — a— Civil— War— Veteran— they— won't— do— that— to me—"

"See the lights," cried Peter. Little darts from scattered cottage windows pierced the darkness as if to beckon them on.

"You'll come home with me to supper?"

"No, thanks, its my own home I'm wantin' t' see. I'd like t' sleep there tonight."

"Where abouts is it? I'll drive you over."

"It's two blocks south of the court house; no, I'll get out here, please. Be seein' you again, thanks."

"Be careful, be careful," cautioned his friend.

Peter started to scramble down the load. With difficulty the driver restrained him, and then assisted him safely to the ground. As Peter walked into the blackness the thud—squeak of his step was slow and uneven. He hesitated, trying to locate the court house, and then—Yes, there it was! a familiar dark outline ahead. That meant the old home would be down there, just two blocks farther. He wasn't tired now, but he couldn't breathe right. He held his throat and swallowed, it was hurting. Just a few more steps—There it was—that's the corner. The house was gone! No fence! The trees were skeletons! He pushed a loose stone into the well, it was dry. He leaned against its crumbling side and strained to see through the darkness. Against the light of the rising moon the gnarled trees made curious, weird shadows; they too, were old, misshapen, about to die. It wasn't at all like he had thought it would be; even the cellar roof had caved

in; nothing was the same. His heart was beating in his ears—something was getting tighter and tighter in his throat. Perhaps in the morning, it might be different. Night—night changes everything, but tomorrow—

As the moon lifted itself above the trees it shone on the stone his foot had struck. Slowly, laboriously he slid his bulk to its smooth worn surface. His fingers traced the edges. It was the old kitchen step where he had sat times beyond counting to try one ginger cookie from each tray his mother slid from the oven. His eyes closed and the fragrant spicy aroma stole again to his nostrils. Wriggling forward, his body sprawled exhausted on the ground, his cheek rested on the stone. He slept.

A dog barked.

Suddenly wakened, he jerked himself to a sitting position and saw not only the dog but two persons coming toward him through the eerie trees. They were coming to drive him out of town—to sick the dog on him — they drove Simon Hanks out of town—they were going to drive him out of town—

The dog ran ahead, the figures came nearer—a man and a woman—the dog found him, was sniffing him.

Peter clutched at his throat. A quack-like sound escaped, but he could not speak.

"There you are," (the voice of his friend of the afternoon) "me and Martha couldn't go to bed 'till we knowed you was all right."

"Better come over," interposed Martha, "we got a spare room."

"'nd I'm drivin over to Welkin jest three mile from the Home tomorrow. I'll be glad t' take you back. You can see there's nothin' to stay here for."

"You been a kind friend, but I'm going to stay here tonight!"

"On the ground, no bed?" the woman questioned.

"I've slept on the ground before, ma'm. I'm a soldier. I'm going to stay here tonight. Tomorrow —Maybe you're right — Maybe they will sick— the— dogs— on — me— tomorrow—"

Martha pulled an armful of lucern and wrapping it

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in her large dark apron made a pillow; then taking the red knitted shawl from her own shoulders, she spread it over Peter's leg as she suggested: "It's a warm night, pa; leave him be if he'd rather. You can drive over for him before breakfast. I'll be gettin' up early to get you two breakfast 'fore you all start off. It'll only be a few hours."

"Thank you, thank you," muttered Peter still sitting at their feet.

Martha, woman-like, added the last word. "Pa'll be over bright 'n early fer you, sweet dreams." The two moved again into the shadows and were absorbed by the darkness.

"They are taking me—back—in the morning—" As Peter said the words his body seemed to solidify—he knew now how a fish or an animal felt when it was getting petrified—fossils—old things that show folks what kind of creatures used to live—He was turning into a fossil—His head hit the stone step—It— is— better— to— turn— into— a— fossil— than— to— have— them— have —them— sic—"

* * *

Peter's flag fluttered so triumphantly over his grave that it soon wore itself to shreds, but the story of the journey, his dying on the door-step, the contented expression of his face in death, the military funeral and the planting of his flag, all became delectable chapters of gossip to be frequently recounted by the people of Darton. They too are glad Peter came home to die.

The Answer

[*Continued from page 471*]

ing, "you are a poet. If I could paint poems—"

Their eyes met. Nonna lowered hers and said in a low voice: "No. It is a prayer—every night I—" Then with a little laugh that ended in a sigh, she threw the corner of her shawl over her head and hurried back to her lace making, while Pietro painted eagerly. It was the first real glow of feeling he had felt for his new picture, the first time that his thought had glimpsed real beauty in the canvas. Eagerly he reached out for it—only thin wavering strokes and uncertain, but still his mind held the vision.

A FAINT knock sounded on the door. Strange he had heard no footfall on the squeaky stair! His face clouded against interruption. He strode across the room and threw the door wide open. A woman stood before him. She was bent with age and toil. In her fingers with their work-bulged knuckles, she held two boxes of matches and in piteous tones, begged Pietro to buy. He hesitated, for he was not a hard man. In his leather wallet were a few coins, saved against the payment of the next installment. He might—then words sounded in his ears, angry words —the threats of old Vixen. He was recalled to his own need—want, want everywhere. Was he to blame? He had not planned this sordid world. Gruffly he refused and closed the door.

He returned to his easel. He tried to call once more the vision of beauty which had vanished with the interruption, but all in vain. Then he began to study his picture. There was a certain beauty in the face—the regular features —the form—beauty of a sort—no doubt. The big bell in the village church tolled. He counted three strokes. Time—according to the bargain he had made with himself—time to return to his weaving, but still he painted on.

"The tapestry is growing," he mused. "I shall work later tonight."

WITH the first faint light of the dawn he stood again before his easel, studying the face on his canvas. The features, dim at first, took form as the light increased. Then suddenly they seemed to stand out from the canvas as if alive. A startled cry escaped his lips. Surely someone had entered while he slept and defaced his work. And yet the

features and the form were the same he had so carefully sketched, but there was a veritable leer on the face before him. It had come to life to mock him!

Angrily he seized his knife and scraped the canvas clean. Without a thought of food or even of his idle loom, he began once more to sketch the face and form of the Madonna. But a few days remained. He plied his brushes carefully, thoughtfully, until late in the afternoon, then mechanically turned to his tapestry. He had been weaving but a few minutes when a knock sounded above the klang of the beam. He hastened to open the door. A little child with a wistful face asked if he would not buy some faggots. With a harsh and hasty: "I gather my own," he roughly closed the door and returned to his weaving.

A LITTLE after midnight, without undressing, save to remove his leathern apron, he threw himself exhausted upon his couch. When he awakened, the mists above the flat gray hills were slowly lifting. In a few minutes daylight would come bounding ahead of a bright sun. His lips curled in self-derision as he thought of yesterday—a fancied trick of a sick mind—nothing more—and yet today as he studied the face before him his heart sank. There was form. There was color. But he knew only too well that it was only a face on a canvas. There was no breath. There was no life. There was no soul. With an angry stride he crossed the room, dashed the canvas to the floor and rushed out. He almost ran down the narrow lane which led away from the village and out into the open country.

He walked on and on through fields deep in grass and flowers, but he saw nothing, for anger and hate blinded his eyes. And when he was quite spent he sat down to rest with his head in his hands. Finally he arose and looked about him—saw the Arno glistening in the morning light, the dew gleaming on the petals of the flowers at his feet. Then he heard, but faintly, as if it came from afar, the first waking note of a song bird. He walked slowly back toward the village, but with peace and cleared vision. He reveled in the cool air on his face, in the pattern of sunlight and shadow through the trees, the nodding gentians by the road side, the dew-washed grass, fragrant 'neath his step.

He had found heart again, and as he walked, he said, "There may yet be time." As he came into the village highway he passed the little white church under the hill. He had gone but a few steps when he decided to go back and enter. Stupid how his not going to church had so depressed Nonna, angered her father and the Padre. They were all so of one mind in this little village—as if merely going to church—

IT was still quite dark inside, for there were trees, and the windows were very narrow, made of cheap stained glass. For a minute he stood looking at the window, a little scornfully, for it was a crude representation of the Christ on the cross. Then his attention was arrested by a faint rustling sound. It seemed to come from somewhere near the altar—and his eyes, now accustomed to the dark interior, saw the figure of a man kneeling. The man was praying—not merely as a form or an act of grace, but pleading, supplicating. Over and over he heard the words between half sobs, "For them—O Lord—for them!" Such pleading, such sorrow as comes only from the soul's depths. While Pietro stood hesitant, for he would not knowingly intrude upon another's grief, the man arose and suddenly faced him, as if he had all at once become aware of another presence in the room. It was a pale and haggard face. Young. Pietro judged he might even be younger than he himself—light brown hair ruffled slightly, blue kindly eyes, evidently red from weeping.

PIETRO blushed for the intrusion and hastened to say: "I am sorry if you are in trouble—perhaps I—"

The young man looked at him wide-eyed, and as he looked his face suddenly brightened, but darkened again with sorrow or doubt; then, after hesitating: "Oh stranger, you think me weak—but it's for her—her and the young baby. They are dying—dying of

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hunger. And she is beautiful, so beautiful."

"Come with me," Pietro said curtly, and hurried out of the church and down the village road with a hard, set look on his face. When they reached the house of the shoemaker from whom Pietro rented the garret, Pietro said: "Wait here," and with steady, unhurried steps he mounted the creaky stair to his room. From behind a loosened board in the back of the cupboard, he drew a pewter jug, emptied its contents into the pocket of his blue woolen blouse, and hurried back down the stair.

"Take these. It is all I have. Go and buy food for her." Pietro turned to go, without looking at the stranger, or waiting to hear the thanks, the prayers he was murmuring; but the stranger seized his hand — kissed it again and again. "Oh you must come with me," he begged. And as Pietro hesitated: "I pray you, do not refuse." Though unwilling, something seemed to impel Pietro. "I will go," he said quietly. And together they hurried down the road. At the end of a back street the stranger stopped before a sagging door of a battered tenement house. Dirty children stared at them as they entered the dark, foul-smelling hall. At the end of the hall the stranger opened a door and rushed in, crying with such a note of joy in his voice that it cut Pietro to the heart: "Gwenda, I have found help. As I prayed in the church, a kind stranger—" and he went over and knelt down beside her bed.

She did not move. She did not open her eyes. She was so pale that Pietro's heart stood still. Perhaps it was already too late—she was beautiful, as beautiful as a crisp white lily on a mountain lake.

Slowly she opened her eyes, as if scarce comprehending. "See, Gwenda, the kind stranger—here is money—enough for food—for milk—for goat's milk for him."

She glanced at the baby by her side, then raised her eyes to Pietro's —he knew she was trying to speak —he could see her lips moving; but he rushed from the room and down the hall and out into the highway.

WHEN he came to the little church and would have passed it by, something seemed to draw him inside. He sat down to rest. He closed his eyes, and as he sat, he seemed to see a soft light, and out of the light a face gradually take form, a face of ineffable beauty, and on the lips a smile of marvelous power, the kind of smile that is born out of sorrow and above sorrow. He opened his eyes. He looked about him. Had he been dreaming? But if it was a dream its power persisted. It heartened him. It lightened his footsteps on the way home and peace entered his heart, peace such as he had never before known.

He began to paint, saying: "I must not lose it—I must not." All that day he painted and far into the night, and all the next day and far into the next night. Slowly the face came to life on his canvas. With each touch—new beauty. The lips breathed. The eye beamed as only an eye with an understanding soul can beam—a soul purged by sorrow. The dawn slowly dimmed the light of the little oil lamp, but Pietro paid no heed. And when the first rays of the sun shone through the narrow window and full upon the face before him, Pietro saw. He could not help knowing. He bowed his head. His lips moved. For a long time he sat as if awed, as one who sees a miracle.

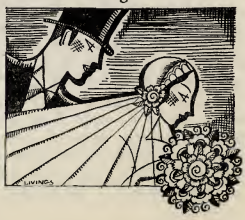
Nonna entered unnoticed. She stood enraptured—breathless. Her eyes filled with tears. Finally she breathed softly: "It is the answer —the answer."

And Pietro replied: Yes, it is the answer."

"Make haste, Pietro—make haste—have you forgotten? Today is the day! Carry it to the village—the reward!"

"Nonna," he answered quietly, "I have received my reward."

And they were true words, for though the ten thousand lire freed Pietro from the bonds of debt, he had already freed himself from a more cruel bondage.



The Era In Every Home

[Continued from page 472]

let no cobwebs gather on these books. We acclaim the Bible as one of the best, most inspiring works of literature, past, present and future, in spite of, rather than because of, the verdict of the modern literati. And, of course, we know or ought to know, that the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants as well as the Pearl of Great Price are as important, or even more significant, at least so far as we Latter-day Saints are concerned. We also know that we should indulge their reading frequently; for does not St. John in his gospel say, and do not modern revelations and council confirm; "Search ye the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me?" And is not the Sabbath the logical day, the most appropriate, yes the appointed time, for reading scripture for the purpose of edification and building up of one's spirituality? Indeed. Now, the personal reference, if you please—

As for me, I feel greater justification in reading and re-reading the Bible and the other three books. I enjoy them. Their messages, their personalities, impress me more, and the effects or influences they create stay with me longer, as a rule, than those of most books regardless of style and profundity. Why? My dear friends, need I set down the answer? Indeed not.

NOW, I am only a human being; in nature, mood and desires, likes and dislikes, no different from you. As such I don't always feel like reading nothing but the Bible or its previously mentioned companions, on Sundays after news, comics and what not may have had their more or less due attention. This, of course, takes for granted any such things as, for instance, a ride, visiting friends, and similar diversions that one might be tempted and, perhaps, wholly justified to indulge for the consummation of the Sunday hours. Merely I refer to the reading on Sunday, or any day so far as one's desire to read something spiritual is concerned. I know, or feel, that in order to keep His day holy, and if one wishes to read at all, I should really resort to such reading as will provide the spiritual food and uplift; yet, somehow, I may not be in the mood to "Search the scriptures," nor may I feel that I should read that "Mystery Thriller" or that article on "How to Make Money" or anything more or less irrelevant for Sunday reading. It is then that the *Era*, as a sort of happy medium, comes to my rescue. As a rule it settles the problem of what to read. It is, in a sense, almost like an Open Sesame. Get a copy of the *Improvement Era*, especially now that the magazine has become—might one say a "happy home of the married, ideal couple: Mr. I. Era and Miss Y. W. Journal? Open the door—I mean the cover; lo and behold the family directory—I mean, of course, the table of contents, if you will pardon this metaphorical expression. Glance down the columns. What a revelation of good, inspirational, constructive and appropriate reading for an hour or so on Sundays! providing equal interest to both men and women; promising all, young and old, many moments of mind and soul satisfying edification. Imbuing any reader with a more fervent desire to search for truth; intensifying his or her yearning for knowledge and wisdom; spurring one on to seek new enlightenment; revealing to him or her who not only reads, but thinks, studies and applies, new truths, new facts, new channels of progression; flooding the mind of him or her who has entered upon an earnest quest of truth, and who tries to seek first the Kingdom of God (let's remember our slogan —The Glory of God is Intelligence) with greater light to enable us, both in temporal as well as spiritual concerns, to rend asunder the chains of darkness, to break down the barriers of ignorance, to insure new *Aufklarung*, and to change the veil of concealment and mystification from its state of opacity to opalescence and transparency so as to reveal the mysteries of God in glorious, understandable realities, conducive to greater joys, increased happiness and, ultimately, after all things shall be conquered, eternal life and the presence of Him to whose glory

[Continued on page 502]

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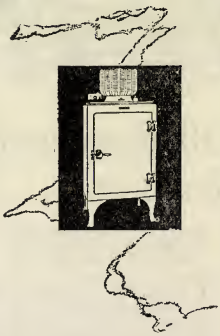

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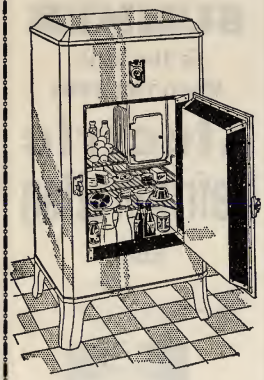

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Additional Internal Evidence for the Authenticity of the Book of Mormon

[*Continued from page 459*]

ring to the very large area covered by the Nephite destructions. As quoted above it says, "the whole face of the land was changed, because of the tempests, and the exceeding great quaking of the whole earth." How large the affected region was we are not told. But that it was very great we can not doubt, since it seems to have included the whole land of the Nephites who had been multiplying in the land for some six hundred years.

Are there any modern parallels to this; that is, are there records of very large areas being affected seriously by quakes? In answer we have only to refer to the great quake at Assam, India, in 1897. We read in the Encyclopedia Brittannica, "It was remarkable for the vast extent of the meizoseismal area and the distortions of the crust within it. The shock itself was felt over about one and three-quarter millions of square miles or nearly half the size of Europe. Serious damage to buildings occurred in a district containing about one hundred sixty thousand square miles or more than twice the size of Great Britain."

Thus it is seen that the sacred record of the calamities that in three hours practically wiped out a wicked nation is not at all beyond the now-known powers of hurricanes and earthquakes.

Let there now be brought together in brief tabular form the characteristics of great quakings of the earth as noted by modern authorities on earth science, and also let there be set opposite them the actual accounts from the Book of Mormon. Perhaps then the striking parallelism may be all the more apparent.

Characteristics of Earthquakes as Mentioned by Prof. E. J. Houston, Henri Fabre and Others

1. Violent quaking of the earth's crust.
2. Great variety of sounds and noises.
3. Fire and smoke from fissures in the earth.
4. Gases from the earth's crust that will not support combustion.
5. Darkness is sometimes produced by the vapors of smoke and gases.
6. Very large loss of life, especially in cities.
7. Great changes in the earth's crust.
8. Abysses sometimes open in the earth's crust, and close again, swallowing whole towns.
9. Stoutest hearts are panic stricken.

Phenomena Attending the Quakings of the Earth as Mentioned in III Nephi, in the Book of Mormon

1. "Exceeding great quaking of the whole earth."
2. "Rocks did rend," "dreadful groanings," and "tumultuous noises."
3. "Vapors of smoke."
4. "And there could not be any light at all."
5. "Thick darkness," that could be felt.
6. Sixteen cities wiped out of existence, besides great loss of life in other cities.
7. "Whole face of the land changes;" highways broken-up; level roads spoiled; smooth places made rough.
8. Nine cities were destroyed by sinking.
9. "Great mourning and weeping and wailing of the people."

LEAVING this study of parallelism and harmony between the sacred records and the accounts of first-hand observers of these phenomena, let us now note that the geography of terrestrial seismic disturbances has also its bit of evidence to contribute to the credibility of the Book of Mormon narrative in III Nephi. Be reminded that a similar contribution is made by a consideration of the geography of hurricanes, as was pointed out in earlier passages in this paper.

As proof of this last statement I quote from an authoritative work by Major Clarence E. Dutton[6] wherein he says: "Throughout this fifteen hundred miles of volcanic coast line, from Panama to Oaxaca, Mexico, earthquakes have always been abundant, and often highly destructive. From the scanty records preserved, De Montessus has succeeded in bringing to light 772, and most of these are of a degree of energy sufficient to cause a memorable amount of destruction, or to leave a deep impression upon the public mind. * * * Entering South America at Panama, two seismic regions are before us, both of them, however, at a great distance; one in Venezuela far to the eastward, the other in Ecuador, far to the southward." Needless

[6]Clarence E. Dutton, "Earthquakes," 1904, p. 263.

to say this description covers the generally accepted location of the lands of the Nephites to a nicety.

Therefore, if we may judge the past by the present, we may reasonably infer that the Nephites were not unacquainted with destructive earthquakes for they resided in a region unusually subject to them. In A. D. 34 the greatest quake joined with the greatest tempest and the nation was all but wiped out. And now, a closing word, on the worth of the internal evidence here submitted for the authenticity of the Book of Mormon.

ACCORDING to the point of view of those who scoff at the sacred origin of the western volume of Scripture, one must seemingly imagine Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery pressing onward in their concoction of the book—which for no imaginable gain to themselves except persecution, poverty, and pain, they were to palm off on the world as angel-inspired. And as they came to the period of the Savior's death and three-day burial, the bright idea struck them to insert a simultaneous three-day period of destruction on this continent. And of all the possible means to this judgment upon a rebellious nation, these two youths—one almost totally unschooled and the other but meagerly so—chancing to determine upon natural calamities, were lucky enough to choose just those particular forms of elemental violence which we now learn are peculiar to the exact terrain upon which they had, oddly enough, settled their people. Then further, having chanced upon these wondrously appropriate phenomena, these same lucky novices fortunately (or by some genius beyond the wildest flights of the imagination) wrote into their narrative ample details and particulars, in concise but accurate clarity, which no one who had not been an eye-witness, or who had not had access to all-embracing accounts of eye-witnesses, could then, or can now, equal. And furthermore, they just happened, also, to go not one iota farther in inserting specific phenomena than scientists have today found warranted by a strict search of first-hand accounts.

AS against such a travesty on logic and argument as this, let reason and justice behold with becoming gratitude two choice young men, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, dedicating their efforts, their prayers, and their unmatched spiritual gifts for the enlightenment of the world. Guided by angels from heaven, Joseph receives, and they translate a western Scripture replete with beauty of teaching, and grandeur of spirit.

But such a record quite naturally and quite unavoidably, of course, includes many details as to natural surroundings of the people whose history it tells, their customs, their language, their migrations, their vicissitudes and eventually the terrible tempests and quakes that beset the region. And, of course, many of these details serve as valid tests of the authenticity of the record. And just here, Joseph Smith, had he been an impostor, and the Book of Mormon a fraud, would have hanged himself high as Haman on his own gallows, and the cynical world could now be celebrating its days of Purim "with joy and gladness."

But there has been no such hanging. The sacred record meets all valid tests as only accurate and straight-forward history can meet such tests. One needs but to refer to the masterful writings of B. H. Roberts,[7] and the faithful researches of J. M. Sjodahl[8] and many others, to realize how abundant and mighty is such evidence, internal and external, of the authenticity of this sacred book. The present argument herewith submitted trusts itself to bear, humbly, a testimony similar to these others to the effect that, "We also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God."

[7]B. H Roberts, "New Witness for God," Volume II, "The Book of Mormon," 1909.

[8]J. M. Sjodahl, "An Introduction to the Study of the Book of Mormon," 1927.

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Perils Encountered by Early Trappers

[*Continued from page 463*]

landers rested and fed among the Shoshones. Then once more they assailed the mountains, where sometimes they sank waist-deep in snow. By the 7th of January they were descending the farther slope. The hard travel and cold had so weakened some of the men that they could not keep up with the main party. Before that night the Sioux woman's baby died."

WASHINGTON IRVING, in "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," has left us a very valuable description of the Blackfoot tribes, who constantly harassed the trappers. Bridger was visited by Bonneville in 1832-34. "These savages," says Irving, "are the most dangerous Banditti of the mountains, and the inveterate foe of the trappers. They are Ishmaelites of the first order, always with weapon in hand ready for action. The young braves of the tribe, who are destitute of property, go to war for booty; to gain horses and acquire the means for setting up a lodge, supporting a family, and entitling themselves to a seat in the public councils.

"The veteran warriors fight merely for the love of the thing, and the consequences which success gives them among their people. They are capital horsemen, and are generally well mounted on short, stout horses, similar to the prairie ponies to be met with in St. Louis. When on a war party, however, they go on foot, to enable them to skulk through the country with greater secrecy; to keep in thickets and ravines, and use more adroit subterfuges and strategems. Their mode of warfare is entirely by ambush, surprise and sudden assaults in the night time. If they succeed in causing a panic, they dash forward with headlong fury; if the enemy is on the alert and shows no signs of fear, they become wary and deliberate in their movements. They are extremely fond of spiritous liquors and tobacco, for which nuisances they are ready to exchange, not merely their guns and horses, but even their wives and daughters. As they enjoy their favorite state of hostility with all other tribes, their expeditions are prone to be conducted in the most lawless and predatory style; nor do they hesitate to extend their maraudings to any party of white men they meet with, following their trail, hovering about their camps, waylaying and dogging the caravans of the free traders, and murdering the solitary trapper. The consequences are frequent and desperate fights between them and the mountaineers, in the wild defiles and fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains."

NO MAN of the west was better acquainted with the cunning of the Blackfeet than Bridger. At intervals, covering an era of almost fifty years, he continued to struggle with their warriors. Part of this period, however, included the years he acted as a scout in Wyoming and Montana against the red men, directing the U. S. Government troops under Maj. Gen'l G. M. Dodge and other army officers. Just prior to Jim's twenty-sixth birthday, 1830, on the Bear River in Cache Valley, the Blackfeet scalpers came near ending the great mountaineer's life before it had run one-third of its course of three score years and seventeen. Through Indian strategem, in a district previously considered safe, his small scouting party were nearly surrounded. The bullets whistled and hummed about him, and his horse gave such an unexpected leap because of the stinging holes in its flesh that Bridger's gun was thrown to the ground and so near on his heels pressed the pursuers that there was nothing to do but flee, and this he did. Although he managed to reach safety, the hated Blackfeet made off with his gun, never to be seen again. This was no small loss to Jim.

SOON after this incident, Bridger who was making the rounds of his men, examining guns, etc., found the rifle of a stout, red-headed Irishman, one Maloney, in an exceptionally dirty state. "What would you do," demanded Bridger, "with a gun like that if the

Indians were to charge on the camp?" "Begorra, I would throw it to thim and run the way you did," laughed the Irishman good-naturedly. Meeks, relating the story, says that it was some time before Bridger again examined Maloney's gun.

Beginning about 1830 irritating rivalry sprang up between the Bridger group and the Columbia River trappers in the Rocky Mountains. Meeks tells us that Peter Skeen Ogden, in 1830, was found in possession of the Salt Lake Rendezvous on the Weber, by Bridger and his men. Ogden's group belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, who had pushed into western America, taking possession of the Columbia River country; and, now that they were trespassing on the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's fields, as Bridger, Sublette and Fitzpatrick declared, coming into the Great Basin, possessing themselves of the Salt Lake rendezvous, the mountain men "set about endeavoring to purchase from the Rockways (The Indians on the north gathering furs for Ogden) and others, the furs they had collected for Mr. Ogden.

NOT succeeding by fair means, if the means to such an end could be called fair, they opened a keg of whisky, which, when the Indians had got a taste, soon drew them away from the Hudson Bay trader, the regulations of whose company forbade the selling or giving of liquor to the Indians. Under its influence the furs were disposed of to the Rocky Mountain Company, who in this manner obtained almost the whole product of their year's hunt. This course of conduct was naturally exceedingly disagreeable to Mr. Ogden, as well as unprofitable also, and a feeling of hostility grew up and increased between the two camps." Some writers claim that more than words were exchanged during these days of trouble.

"While matters were in this position, a stampede occurred one day among the horses in Ogden's camp, and two or three of the animals ran away and ran into the camp of the rival company. Among them was the horse of Mr. Ogden's Indian wife, which had escaped, with her baby hanging to the saddle.

"Not many minutes elapsed before the mother, following her child and horse, entered the camp,

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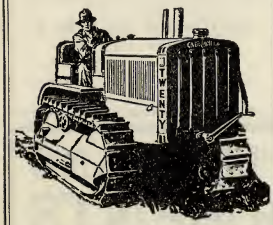

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passing right through it and catching the now halting steed by the bridle. At the same moment she spied one of her company's pack horses loaded with beaver, which had also run into the enemy's camp. The men had already begun to exult over the circumstance, considering this chance load of beaver (some $400) as theirs by laws of war. But not so the Indian woman. Mounting her own horse, she fearlessly seized the pack horse by the halter and led it out of camp with its costly burden.

AT this undaunted action some of the baser sort of men cried out, 'shoot her, shoot her,' but a majority interfered with opposing cries of 'let her go! let her alone; she's a brave woman; I glory in her pluck;' and other like admiring expressions. While the clamor continued, the wife of Ogden had galloped away with her baby and her pack horse." We are informed that the Rocky Mountain trappers finally withdrew, "leaving Ogden in their forted sanctuary." Bridger's men then went over the "North Ogden Pass" eight or ten miles north of Ogden city, thence east to Bear River and the Green River Basin, up the Big Sandy, over South Pass, northward down the Powder to their rendezvous of 1830-31. Since leaving the Powder River territory in the spring of 1830, they had traveled in a circle, covering more than twelve hundred miles. It is interesting to note that the altercation between Ogden and Bridger's men occurred seventeen years previous to the coming of Brigham Young to the Salt Lake Valley with his scouts. This also was the year that Jedediah S. Smith sold his trapping interests and left for St. Louis as related in our third article.

"Early in March, 1831, (the year that Jackson County was dedicated by Joseph Smith) Fitzpatrick, Bridger and Sublette," we are told by Alter, "assembled their two hundred trappers and accoutrements and set forth again for the irresistible Blackfoot country, attended by a horde of free trappers and a few Indians and half-breeds. Unluckily, on the third day, in the evening, the trappers' band of horses grazing on the bottom-land, was spied by some young Crow warriors, into whose vicinity the trappers had set themselves down unawares. Three hundred thus vanished in a cloud of dust raised by the Indians."

Here, indeed, was trouble! Bridger was at once looked to for advice. The few horses left by the Indians were altogether inadequate for moving the camp equipment of the large outfit, let alone carrying them triumphantly through the dangerous hunting grounds of the Blackfeet. Since the recapturing of horses was to prove the metal of the men, Jim wished none but stout-hearted volunteers. Accordingly, at his call, there rallied a few more than a hundred grim mountaineers, their powder horns and long rifles ready for the horse thieves.

FOR three days and nights, hardly pausing to rest or eat, these robust avengers kept hot upon the fleeing trail. On the evening of the third day as they proceeded, the vigilant and wary scouts, always a mile or so in advance of the main body, came hurrying into camp, announcing that just over yonder ridge, the culprits were peacefully camping, with no pickets on duty. The mountaineers now moved stealthily forward, planning to secure the horses by trickery if possible, but downright warfare if needs be.

That the conflict might be a sharp one, Bridger knew, for as he paused with his men under cover of darkness and a belt of timber, he counted sixty braves about the campfires within the protection of a smal corral or fort where the horses were held for greater safety. Quoting from Alter, "Bridger stationed his men within firing range of the unsuspecting Crows, while Antoine Godin and Robert Newell stealthily advanced, under the very poles forming the enclosure. Getting their bearings quickly, they opened the fence and stampeded the stock outward, having mounted two of the horses for better maneuvering. As a counter irritant, Bridger and his comrades opened fire on the Indians, killing seven, according to the report made later by the Crows. Fleeing toward their horses the trappers secured mounts and drove the loose horses backward over the trail." We are told that the trappers "were nigh overcome with fatigue and hunger, but were sustained by their sense of success."

AGAIN the men moved westward, trapping all streams as

they went, passed the Bighorn mountains, the Bighorn River, Jackson Lake, down the Snake toward Pocatello, thence up Bear River and over to Green River, the appointed place for the Rendezvous of 1831. Fitzpatrick, however, who had left the Salt Lake Rendezvous with Ogden's furs as well as those of his own company, did not return at the usual time with the supplies, and as the days lengthened into weeks, Bridger, knowing that to stay in the mountains through another full year without supplies was impossible, sent a group of his most trusted men in search of the missing train.

At last after many days riding down the "Oregon Trail," the later "Mormon" route, a cloud of dust in the distance announced Fitzpatrick's coming; but his animals were so jaded that couriers were dispatched into the Rockies, bringing the great body of trappers and Indians through the South Pass, down the Sweetwater and to the headwaters of the Powder where the "fire water and other necessary supplies" were given out. Fitzpatrick in explaining to the men the cause of his delay, said that while at Independence, Missouri, their old companion and partner, Jedediah S. Smith had induced him (Fitzpatrick) to take the south-western trail to Santa Fe, which he did, and was on the Santa Fe Trail when Jed was killed by the Comanches. Fitzpatrick then trailed north-west through the state of Colorado to the Platte, having journeyed many hundreds of miles farther than the regular "Oregon Trail." The third article of this series gives an account of the death of Smith.

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Foods for Health

Planning Meals

[Continued from page 475]

Meats contain practically no *vitamines* but are high in *proteins*. They should be served in moderation and always in combination with plenty of leafy vegetables.

Balanced Diet

MUCH stress is now put on a *balanced diet*, but this doesn't mean that each meal shall be balanced. While it is important that you have an adequate amount of proper food elements within each 24 hours, it isn't so important what you eat at a single meal. Some prefer to make their entire breakfast of fruit. This is all right, providing at lunch and dinner enough of other indispensable foods are eaten to maintain sound health. Many women in order to reduce avoid all starches and fatty foods, but it should be remembered that *weight-reducing* methods are often *health-reducing* methods.

This is an age of cults and fads, and new and radical changes in diet should not be adopted until they have been tested and approved. Let us keep in mind the experience of the student who experimented with all the new fads and finally worn and thin, reported that although he had tried them all, he had found no substitute for *food*.

Sweets

MOST children and many adults consider *dessert* the best part of the meal. Every one needs a certain amount of the natural sweets, but most of us have a jaded appetite in this regard. However, when a "favorite dessert" is to be served at dinner, the first part of the meal should be light, allowing a generous portion of the "goodie" to be eaten. A meat soup with a green vegetable salad followed by "Fruited Cake" or "Strawberry Cake Sandwich" makes a very satisfying dinner.

Fruits

FRUITS make the best desserts —in fact some food authorities consider *fruits* "man's best food." They are direct sun foods and give us minerals, bulk and many of the vitamines. For a long time fruits were avoided by people with an *acid condition*, but it is now known that the acid of fruits is quickly converted by the body into alkali and that fruits help rather than harm cases of *acidosis*.

Fresh fruits may now be had all the year round—*apples, bananas* and the *citrus* fruits—but this month the berries and early summer fruits are at their prime and should be eaten daily while they last. There are many ways they can be made into delicious desserts.

Fruited Cake

Sponge loaf cake
1 cup whipping cream
2 cups ripe berries
1½ tablespoons gelatine
2 tablespoons boiling water
2 tablespoons sugar

Dissolve gelatine in hot water and put aside to cool. If strawberries are used they should be cut into smal pieces, but raspberries can be used whole. Whip the cream, then add the berries, the sugar and the gelatine. Cut a slice off the top of the sponge cake and remove enough of the insides to leave a wall about an inch thick. Cut some of the cake that has been removed into small bits (about 1 cup full) and add to the mixture of berries and cream. Fill the center of the cake with this mixture, put the top slice on and place cake in ice box about 45 minutes. Serve at the table, cutting slices from the end as you would a brick of ice cream.

Sliced peaches, or apricots and pineapple make a good filling—in place of the berries. Nuts, too, may be added. Lady fingers may be used with this filling in place of the sponge cake. Line the bottom and sides of a dish with the lady fingers, put filling in the center and stand in ice box until thoroughly chilled.

Strawberry Cake Sandwich

Sponge loaf cake
1 box strawberries
½ cup powdered sugar
1 cup whipping cream
1 tablespoon honey

Mash berries with silver fork and add powdered sugar. Cut the sponge cake into 4 long horizontal slices, and spread each slice with the berry and sugar mixture. Then pile slices one on another as if it were a layer cake. Whip cream and add the tablespoon of honey, which sweetens and flavors the cream, then cover the entire cake, top and sides, with the

cream and stand in ice box 20 minutes before serving.

Snowball Pudding With Strawberry Sauce

1/3 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
2¼ cups cake flour
4 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 teaspoons baking powder

Cream the shortening and sugar together, then add flour, alternately with the water, a little at a time, and beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring and baking powder and fold in the well beaten whites. Put mixture into well buttered cups or moulds and steam 35 minutes. (If butter is used as shortening do not add salt.) When done turn out and serve hot with strawberry or raspberry sauce.

Sauce

1 rounding tablespoon of butter—2 rounding tablesoons of sugar—cream well together and add 1 cup of mashed berries.

Raspberry Fluff

1¼ cups crushed raspberries
1 cup powdered sugar
1 egg white
Ladyfingers

Put egg white on platter and beat with wire whisk, slowly add the sugar, then the crushed raspberries, and beat all together until stiff. Line a fruit dish with ladyfingers, bottom and sides, and fill the center with mixture. Stand in ice box for 45 minutes and serve with puff of whipped cream on top.

Loganberry Sauce

Cook 1½ cups of loganberries with a small amount of water, Add 2 tablespoons of butter. Mix 1 tablespoon of cornstarch with 1 cup of sugar and stir slowly into the loganberries and butter. Boil for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. This sauce is delicious served with cottage pudding or custards.

Strawberry Preserves

Select only ripe, firm berries, discarding any that have green spots on them. Remove blossom end, but do not wash. If any seem gritty wipe with cloth. To one *heaping* bowl of berries use one *level* bowl of sugar. Place berries in an *enamel* cooking vessel, pour sugar over them, cover and let stand 40 minutes. Then place over very *slow* heat until the sugar melts; remove lid and boil fast from 15 to 18 minutes. Do not stir with spoon at any time, but shake the cooking vessel several times when the sugar is melting and while the mixture is boiling. When done, remove from fire and let stand until it begins to cool before pouring into jelly glasses. The berries should remain whole and the juice be almost as firm as jelly.

Conserve

2 cups cherries (stoned)
1 cup raspberries
1 cup gooseberries

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5 cups of sugar
1 cup red currants

Put the fruit in an enamel cooking vessel and add sugar. Cover and let stand 1 hour. Follow same direction given for strawberry preserves.

Note: Preserves, jams and jellies should be used sparingly. The natural sweets, *honey, molasses* and *brown sugar* are much better for children than the rich mixtures of fruit juices and refined sugar.

Sea Gulls

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

GULLS there are by the ocean deep
With wings like the cold gray waves,
And gulls there are on the craggy shore
That sail past the wind-hewn caves.

But high on the rocks of an inland sea
Dwells a snow-white gull with a clarion cry;
And over the maze of a furrowed land
He circles a path that is far and high.

Yet ever the stretch of his pinons wide
On the painted dawn of the day
Is a challenge deep from that heritage
No span of the years can sweep away!

The Era In Every Home

[*Continued from page 493*]

this earthly printed mouthpiece and spokesman for and of His children is being maintained.

THAT'S a mighty good reason, I think, for giving the *Era* a place amongst the foremost ranks in worth-while literature.

"Get wisdom, nearly all of which is stored in books, and with all thy getting, get understanding. Don't let what you read pass through one eye and out of the other eye. Digest your reading, the essence of which will bring enlightenment to your mind and soul. It is the elixir of human life and civilization—"

Thus said John Cotton Dana. How well, how eloquently said. There is genius in those words; and if we properly respond to their inspiration, particularly when reading the scriptures as well as such a magazine as the *Improvement Era,* increasing knowledge, intelligence and wisdom are bound to burst forth and bear fruit—mysteries, both of heaven and earth, WILL become realities!

* * *

Let us all show our appreciation of the meritoriousness of the *Era,* by putting our shoulders to the wheel in boosting the circulatory growth of the *Era;* for would it not be a truly worth-while achievement to have—

"THE ERA IN EVERY HOME?"

A Real Hero

[Continued from page 466]

which in many cases was almost lacking. As is the situation in all frontier settlements, life at best is hard; at best it is a struggle with the elements and with forces hitherto not reckoned with. Added to this was the constant fear of the Indians and their cruel treachery. Just one false move might cost us our lives or those of our loved ones. We must be on the constant lookout at all times, and for many years never were we safe outside the confines of the fort. We had to plan all our affairs, keeping in mind the probable disapproval of the Redman and his certain revenge. Since the Indian War of 1853, when the agreeable arrangements with Chief Walker had been made the main source of trouble had been removed, but frequently the transients from the States would pick quarrels with the Indians, and just as sure as fate, in the next day or so, the Redman would be around to have his revenge, not on these people, but upon those who were the permanent settlers of the community.

"On one occasion I was sent to find feeding places in the mountains for our cattle. An Indian guide whom I foolishly trusted, told me that there were no Redmen in the canyon at all, and that the stock could feed right out in the open in perfect safety. We made camp, placed the cattle at our back on the nice grassy spot and lay down to sleep, in absolute peace of mind. It must have been about twelve o'clock when I awoke very suddenly, and could see no animals at all on the flat. There was only one thing to do, that was to find them, but it was only after an hour's chase and hunt that we had them safely grouped together. As I lay down to sleep again, what was my horror to see a flashing red light illuminate the whole valley—an Indian signal. It meant prepare everything for an attack. In a moment a whole Indian tribe would come creeping upon a group of eighteen men.

I AROUSED my companions and told them of our danger and its certain consequences unless we could outwit our enemy. Somehow I had no desire again to be an offering at the altar of the cruel Indians. We set fire to three quick burning trees while a plan was in the making. We had one advantage over the Redmen—there were only two sides for attack, as the mountains shut us off on the others. Just as the final signal flashed, and the Indians were slowly coming upon us, I led those men forward in single file in a circle in front of the fire, so that only half of them could be seen at the time. Round and round in that circle we marched with a spirit of defiance and security which could not have been equaled had we had plenty of men to fall back on. Unceasingly men came out of the darkness into the darkness. This is Indian style of marching, and the Redman had not detected the deception. The warriors each had a gun, and there seemed to be a never-ending stream of them coming out of the forest.

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Round and round we marched but still there was no attack. Then the chief of the Indians stepped forward and motioned to me to come to him. He begged me not to fight the Redman, but let them go, and in return for this favor promised not to molest our cattle. I finally agreed, and as he left he muttered, 'Too much white man, Indian no fight.' The ruse had worked, and our eighteen stalwart men who had played the whole army of the Republic now demobilized without command, and hastened down the mountain sides and back to safety."

My old friend sighs, a far away look in those tender grey eyes. The sun has set, and going beyond the horizon, has taken all its glory with it, and leaves his hair a snowy white. The rows of wrinkles, with the shadows of evening upon them seem to be cut cruelly deep. His back has drooped, and his hand at the beating of the pulse quivers, as if conscious of the few remaining moments to be spent with life and love. Already the thrall of a fairer home has partly received him for its own. The cooling breezes of night kiss the leaves dancing to and fro, and seem to cut the skin of the dear old man in their attempt to draw the shades of night closer together.

"It's getting rather chilly out here. Somehow I seem to feel the cold so much more now than I did way back in the sixties."

We wrap a shawl around his shoulders and help him in to the home of his loved ones.

I HAVE never found more sound and wholsome personal habits than among the Mormons. I have never mingled with people who showed fewer signs of dissipation. I have never studied groups of people who seemed better nourished and more healthful. I have never known people who took more pains to educate their children. This gives a clue to the success of the Mormons as colonizers and nation-builders.

—*Dr. Thomas Nixon Carver.*

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